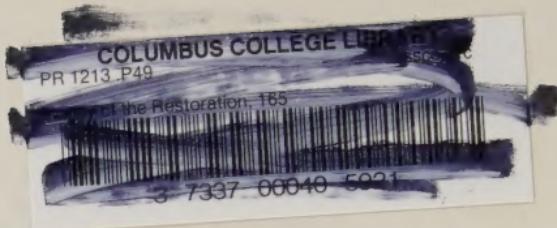


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POETRY
OF THE RESTORATION

THE POETRY BOOKSHELF

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JOHN WILMOT,
SECOND EARL OF ROCHESTER

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POETRY
OF THE RESTORATION

1653-1700

*Edited with an Introduction,
Commentary and Notes*

by

VIVIAN DE SOLA PINTO



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PREFACE

AN ANTHOLOGY of Restoration poetry which contains no work of Dryden may seem to some readers rather like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. However, a separate volume of *Selected Poems of John Dryden* is included in the *Poetry Bookshelf* series and one of the chief objects of the present collection is to demonstrate that, contrary to common belief, a rich and varied body of poetry was produced in Restoration England outside the Dryden canon, and, for the most part, unaffected by it.

Texts of poems in this collection are those of early printed editions with the exception of the poems by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester and Thomas Traherne. For the poems by Rochester use has been made of the Muses' Library edition of *Poems by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, edited by V. de S. Pinto published by Routledge and Kegan Paul Ltd (2nd ed., 1964) by permission of the publishers. For the poems by Traherne the text of *Thomas Traherne Centuries Poems and Thanksgivings*, edited by H. M. Margoliouth, 1958, has been used by permission of the publishers, the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford. The spelling and capitalization of the original texts has been preserved but not the use of italics by the old printers. The modern s has been substituted for the long f of the early editions and punctuation has been modernized in places where the old usage seemed likely to incommod the modern reader.

VIVIAN DE S. PINTO

INTRODUCTION

I

THE term 'Restoration' is commonly used to describe the return of Charles II and the revival of the monarchy in 1660. There is, however, some justification for applying it to the whole of the second half of the seventeenth century in England. The great cleavage in English political life and in the English mind occurs almost exactly in the middle of the seventeenth century. The old model or image of the universe¹ which dominated men's minds in the West for more than a thousand years was finally and irrevocably shattered at this time. On one side of the dividing line are consecrated monarchy, hierarchical society and authoritarian religion, on the other parliamentary government, materialistic philosophy and science, religious toleration and capitalist economics. Three events occurring within a few years in the mid-century at once symbolize and inaugurate the change: they are the execution of Charles I, the last 'sacred' monarch, in 1649, the first regular meetings in 1648–1649 at Wadham College, Oxford of the group of experimental scientists (the first English scientists in the modern sense of the word) who afterwards founded the Royal Society, and the publication in 1650–1651 of Thomas Hobbes's *Of Human Nature* and *Leviathan*, setting forth the first modern system of materialist philosophy. In the political sphere the collapse of the old hierarchical society filled the intensely conservative propertied classes with alarm and in the next forty years three attempts were made at a 'restoration' of order, only the last of which was to prove enduring. The first 'restoration' was the setting up by Cromwell in 1653 of his quasi-regal Protectorate; this was dependent almost

¹ Well described by C. S. Lewis in *The Discarded Image* (1964).

entirely on the Protector's strong personality and collapsed very soon after his death. The 'Restoration' of 1660 was not and could not be a revival of monarchy as it was before 1642; it was a compromise between the old idea of monarchy and the new one of parliamentary government. The remarkable political dexterity of Charles II maintained, not without considerable difficulty, the precarious balance of this compromise, which was soon destroyed by the ineptitude of his successor, and the Revolution of 1688 can be regarded as the third and most successful attempt at a 'restoration' of political order based on the supremacy of parliament, representing an alliance between the landowners and the commercial interests of the City of London.

The problem facing the poets during this half century was similar in many ways to that facing the politicians; it was to create a new kind of order appropriate to a new 'climate of opinion'.¹

It is too often assumed that poetry suffered a decline in this period because it failed to reproduce the glories of the Elizabethan-Jacobean period. Actually, quite apart from the question of individual genius, it was impossible to revive those glories because the philosophic, religious and political assumptions on which they had been based were dead or only lingered on in a ghostly form in the minds of people like the Tory divines who were satirized by Defoe in *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*.

In the period immediately preceding the Civil War four kinds of English poetry can be distinguished. Of these the Spenserian had its last notable embodiment in Milton's early poems and can be seen faintly flickering in the pastorals of Wither, Randolph and Herrick and finally expiring in the curious philosophical poems of Henry More. The metaphysical tradition descending from Donne, after a final burst of magnificence in Marvell's early poems, lingered on in a transmuted and often hardly recognizable form in the works of the later religious poets, Vaughan, Traherne and Norris. The two traditions of the pre-Civil War period, however, which showed

¹ This phrase was first used by Joseph Glanville in *The Vanity of Dogmatizing* (1661).

real vitality in the middle of the century were the courtly classical or polite stemming from Ben Jonson and the Cavalier poets of the reign of Charles I, Carew, Suckling, Cartwright, Lovelace and Waller, and the lusty vernacular tradition of street-ballads, popular songs and 'drolleries', usually and regrettably ignored by literary historians. It is notable that these two traditions are the least dependent on the old backcloth of mythology, folklore and traditional religion and were the best equipped to deal with contemporary life and the worldly, realistic material which appealed to the Restoration mentality.

II

The polite tradition was undergoing a subtle change in the middle of the century; it was becoming what we now call 'Augustan'. The general desire for order and stability in the State in the sixteen fifties and sixties chimed in perfectly with the desire for order and perspicuity in poetry. For men with a classical education the analogy with the Restoration of order by Augustus at the end of the Roman Civil Wars was obvious, and the poets were ready to think, first of Cromwell, then of Charles II, and later of William III as the new Augustus, and themselves as the new Augustans.¹

It might be thought that the materialism of Hobbes would have been hostile to poetry but actually Hobbes was not only greatly interested in poetry but was a shrewd and far-seeing critic of it. He had close connections with the three poets of the mid-century who may be called the first Augustans: Cowley, Davenant and Waller, and his well-known 'Answer' to Davenant published in 1650 is a kind of manifesto of the new poetry: 'That which giveth a Poem the true and natural colour consisteth in two things, which are, *To know well*, that is to have images of nature in the memory distinct and clear, and *To know much*. A signe of the first is perspicuity, property (i.e. propriety) and decency, which delight all sorts of

¹ Waller seems to have been the first to draw this comparison in his *Panegyric to my Lord Protector* (see p. 18).

men'.¹ This is a demand for a lucid, intelligent, worldly poetry which would appeal not to visionaries or recluses but to 'all sorts of men'.

The first showpiece of the new poetry was Edmund Waller's 'Panegyrick to my Lord Protector', an extract from which appropriately stands at the head of this anthology. Here the heroic couplet, now the chosen metre of the new school, is used with a vigour and firmness which anticipates the best work of Dryden, and F. W. Bateson has with some justification called it 'one of the finest political poems in English'.² When the experiment of the Protectorate had failed and Charles II returned, Waller was ready with a copy of verses celebrating this second 'Restoration'. It is, as Miss C. V. Wedgwood has written, 'impressively skilful',³ but it was easily outshone by the brilliant *Astrea Redux* of the young John Dryden, the poet who was later to write of Waller: 'Unless he had written, none of us could write'.⁴

Dryden's fame has been so great that the whole Restoration period, which is spanned by his long literary career, has been commonly labelled 'the Age of Dryden'. This is unfortunate because it implies that he was not only the greatest but the only significant poet of the period. Too much emphasis has, perhaps, been laid on the line of development that leads from Waller through Dryden to Pope. The Augustan achievement was indeed, impressive. It produced a new kind of 'order' in poetry appropriate to the intellectual climate of Locke, Newton and the Royal Society. But 'order' in poetry is not enough. Variety and freedom are needed as well and these qualities were kept alive in various ways by poets of the Restoration period whose work both helped to diversify and invigorate the Augustan tradition and also looked beyond it to later developments. Abraham Cowley and Samuel Butler deserve to be mentioned in this connection. Cowley, like Waller, had two

¹ *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, ed. J. E. Spingarn, II, 63.

² F. W. Bateson, *English Poetry* (1950), p. 168.

³ C. V. Wedgwood, *Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts* (1960), p. 126.

⁴ Preface to W. Walsh's *Dialogues Concerning Women* (1691).

literary careers, one in the reign of Charles I and the other after the Civil War. Before the Civil War, Waller was a minor cavalier poet and Cowley a minor metaphysical. After it, both were important 'proto-Augustans'. Cowley prided himself on his invention of the 'Pindaric' ode or exalted lyric in irregular rhyming stanzas. Scholars have pointed to his failure to understand the structure of Pindar's odes and critics to the flood of unreadable 'Pindarics' produced in the late-seventeenth and early-eighteenth centuries. Yet the 'Pindaric' was a notable invention, which provided a means of escape both from the hard rationalism of Augustan poetry and from the tyranny of the couplet. Of course bad poets abused its liberties as bad poets have abused the liberties of 'free verse' in our own time, but, against the turgidity of all the bad pindarics, we can place 'Alexander's Feast', 'A Song for St. Cecilia's Day', the odes to the Passions and 'On the Intimations of Immortality' and 'Dejection'. If there are lines that lead from Waller through Dryden to Pope and, as F. R. Leavis has suggested, from Carew through Marvell to Pope, there is also a line that leads from Cowley through Collins to Wordsworth and Coleridge. Cowley's best odes are those which deal with contemporary philosophical and scientific thought. His ode 'To Mr Hobs' (see p. 20) is, perhaps, his greatest achievement. It expresses with splendid energy the sense of liberation from outworn tradition, produced by Hobbes's materialism in many forward-looking minds in the Restoration period. Hobbes was to them something rather like what Marx was to young English poets in the nineteen thirties. Samuel Butler is a writer who cannot be fitted into any neat classification. His huge, rambling burlesque romance *Hudibras*, published between 1662 and 1678 has too often been regarded merely as an attack on the Puritans in witty doggerel. Nothing, as Mr Ian Jack has shown,¹ could be further from the truth. It belongs to the vernacular rather than the polite tradition, and is the work of a writer, who like Skelton, combines erudition with the brash realism and rhythmical energy of popular poetry. The true objects of Butler's satire are not

¹ *Augustan Satire 1660-1750* (1952), pp. 15-42.

so much the doctrines of the Puritans as fanaticism, intolerance, hypocrisy and pedantry. The 'Hudibrastic', like the Pindaric, is a notable invention, which provided a valuable alternative to the polite manner and the heroic couplet throughout the eighteenth century.

III

Cowley and Waller were the favourite poets of the famous group of Restoration 'Court Wits', Rochester, Sedley, Dorset and Etherege. These were the young men in whose company Charles II delighted and whose boldness of speech and irreverence shocked old-fashioned Cavaliers like Clarendon and Ormonde.¹ They all read and admired the works of Hobbes, and Rochester and Sedley both received part of their education at Wadham College, Oxford, the cradle of the new experimental science. Andrew Marvell called them the 'merry gang' and they were long remembered as bogey men of wickedness who defied all the conventions of middle-class respectability. The Victorians, however, were quite wrong in regarding them as mere fribbles and pleasure-seekers. They were the last English courtiers with a vital and creative culture. They were well read in Latin, French and English poetry and their diversions included music, the theatre and literary discussion as well as women and drinking. They all wrote lyrics which owe something to Ben Jonson and the Cavalier poets, notably Carew, and much also to their favourite Latin poets, Horace, Catullus and Martial and the elegant contemporary French poetry of Voiture, Sarrasin and Madame de la Suze. Clarity, neatness and simplicity were the qualities that they prized in the lyric but also colloquial ease and what they called 'wit', which had not acquired its modern sense but still meant a certain intellectual toughness and irony, 'the dance of intellect among words', to use the phrase of Ezra Pound, who drew a suggestive parallel between this quality in the poetry of the

¹ See Burnet, *History of His Own Time* (1833), I, 485-7 and Clarendon, *Life* (1857), I, 154-5.

Wits and the similar 'dash of bitters' in Heine's songs.¹ The combination of this 'wit' with lyric sweetness and passion is the new note which distinguishes the best songs of the Restoration Courtiers:

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a Wretch pursuing,
In Raptures of a blest amaze,
His pleasing happy Ruine . . .

The 'wit' in these lines of Rochester lies in the contrast between the intensity of the poet's passion and his detached and humorous perception of the paradox of his own state: 'His pleasing happy Ruine'. Sedley, Etherege and Dorset occasionally produce similar effects though never with quite the brilliance of Rochester. Sedley excels in what might be called the rococo pastoral, where the traditional pastoral imagery of the courtly love lyric is used with a delicate humour which does not preclude an appreciation of its charm while in Dorset the 'dash of bitters' is so strong that the irony becomes satire. The Wits were not only literary courtiers; they were also Bohemian men of letters in close touch with the life of the street, tavern, the coffee house and the theatre. One of their most valuable achievements was to bring the polite tradition of poetry into touch with the vernacular tradition of the street-ballad and the popular song. Dorset is said to have collected ballads; his 'Song written at Sea in the First Dutch War' and Rochester's bitingly satiric 'History of Insipids' are genuine street-ballads with the full-blooded gusto and swinging rhythm of popular poetry.

Rochester had by far the most powerful and original mind of all the Court Wits. Andrew Marvell, no mean judge, declared him to be 'the best English satyrist' and to have 'the right veine'.² Alone among the Wits, he had a rich and sensitive perception of the unpleasant realities which lay behind the ornamental facade of the aristocratic society to which he belonged. His picture of Corinna,

¹ Ezra Pound, *Literary Essays* (1960), pp. 25, 30, 33.

² See Aubrey, *Short Lives*, ed. A. Clark, II, 304.

the Restoration prostitute (see p. 73) is etched with the vigour, vitality and unsentimental indignation of a Hogarth, and his poem 'Upon Nothing' is a truly philosophic, and, even, in a sense, a religious poem. Written in a metre borrowed from the old religious poet Quarles, it was probably suggested by a passage in *Leviathan*, where Hobbes calls all names, except those that signify sense impressions, parts of speech or relations between words, 'names of nothing'. Rochester in a flash of vision sees Nothing as the oldest of powers, a venerable anarch like Milton's Chaos or Blake's Nobodaddy, the fountain head of all the mummeries of religion and statecraft. He is the only poet of the time who grasped the nature of the moral crisis of western civilization in the age of Descartes, Hobbes and Pascal and this is the subject of his greatest and most disturbing poem *A Satyr against Mankind* with its terrible picture of the fate of 'rational' man in the soulless 'universe of death' produced by the new materialist philosophy.

Huddled in Dirt, this reas'ning Engine lyes
Who was so proud, so witty and so wise.

The famous passage in which contemporary 'civilized' man is compared, to his disadvantage, with the beasts (see p. 77) communicates forward to the Swift of *Gulliver's Travels*; The King of Brobdingnag's denunciation of the Europeans as portrayed by Gulliver and the superiority of the wise and humane Houynhms to the filthy, cowardly Yahoos.

Some notable poets who did not actually belong to the Court Circle had close connections with the Wits. Among them were Aphra Behn, the first English woman to earn her living by her pen, a prolific dramatist and the author of at least one lyric that is worthy of Rochester himself, and John Oldham, the young schoolmaster, whose early death was lamented by Dryden in one of his finest poems. Oldham was befriended by Rochester and regarded himself as his disciple. At his best he is a master of a poetry of social realism which has an energy and sureness of touch hardly excelled by Pope.

Journalism and prose fiction were still in their infancy in Restoration England and the place which they now hold in popular esteem was filled to a large extent by poetry, or, at any rate, verse. The street-ballads and popular songs, usually anonymous, had an immense vogue and were to remain for a long time the favourite reading (and singing) of the semi-literate urban population.¹ Great numbers of these poems were printed as broadsides often illustrated with rough woodcuts, sold for a few pence and sung by itinerant ballad-singers. Much of this vernacular verse is doggerel, but it often has vigour, homely realism, rhythmical vitality, and, sometimes, lyrical beauty. It was used as propaganda against the Puritans in the early part of the period, and, after about 1670, was a powerful instrument in the hands of Shaftesbury's opposition party, when the Catholics, the Duke of York, and, sometimes, the King himself, replaced the Puritans as objects of satire. Much of this popular poetry was collected in the Miscellanies or anthologies of contemporary verse. Equally popular were the Song-Books containing words and music, of which Day and Murrie list no less than one hundred and eighty-eight published between 1651 and 1700.² Notable among the purveyors of these books were the musician Henry Playford and the popular song-writer Tom D'Urfey whose names are connected with the famous collections called *Wit and Mirth or Pills to Purge Melancholy* appearing in various forms between 1699 and 1720 (earlier versions without music were published in 1661 and 1682). The most dignified of the Miscellanies were those included in the series published by Jacob Tonson under the name of Dryden. On a more popular and vernacular level was the famous series of Drolleries, which ran from 1656 till 1672. The Whig and

¹ Swift's Baucis and Philemon have 'ballads pasted on the wall' of their cottage and the workshops of Hogarth's Two Apprentices are similarly decorated.

² *English Song Books 1615-1702. A Bibliography*, by C. L. Day and E. B. Murrie (Bibliographical Society, 1940).

Anti-Catholic poems, many of which were ascribed to Andrew Marvell, were collected after the Revolution in the volumes called *Poems on Affairs of State*. Some of the best of the vernacular poetry is to be found in the Drolleries; it often shows a remarkable power of metrical invention, due, no doubt in a large measure to the tunes to which the poems were sung. It reflects the rough, lusty life of the London street and tavern, but also, as in the 'Ballad Call'd the Green-Gown', (see p. 63), has a suggestion of the countryside reminding us that London at this time still had the character of a country town, when Kensington and Tottenham were villages separated from the capital by hayfields, and milkmaids danced round the maypole in the Strand on May Day.

V

London was the chief but not the only centre of literary culture in this period. The nobility and gentry came there when Parliament was sitting, or, if they had court appointments, to carry out their duties at Whitehall; but they spent much of their time in their country houses. These country houses, ranging from the magnificence of Chatsworth or Knole to the more modest but often spacious and pleasant manor houses, were, in many instances, true centres of culture with fine libraries and collections of pictures and prints and were inhabited not only by fox-hunting squires but by ladies who read and wrote verse and prose and could perform on the lute, theorbo and harpsichord. Some excellent poetry came out of these Restoration country houses. It had a flavour of its own, quite different from the urban sophistication. Its themes were commonly friendship and the pleasures of rural retirement. Katherine Phillips in Wales, Charles Cotton in Derbyshire, Thomas Shipman in Nottinghamshire and Richard Leigh in Staffordshire were poets of this kind. The praise of retirement and the country life had for long been a favourite literary theme derived from Horace and the Georgics, but in the work of these poets it is acquiring a new note of actuality, which was, doubtless, due to the fact that the English

country-side was now entering that golden phase of its history when medieval squalor and wildness were defeated and the ravages of industrialism had not yet begun. Cowley, in his pleasant poem 'Of Solitude', writes of a stream that is obviously a literary decoration:

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there;
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk, . . .

Cotton, however, in his poem addressed to Izaak Walton (see p. 43). invokes a real Derbyshire river, the Dove, in whose waters he used to fish:

fair Dove
Princess of Rivers, how I love
On thy flow'ry Banks to lie,
And view thy Silver stream,
When gilded by a Summer's Beam!
And in it, all thy wanton Fry
Playing at liberty, . . .

VI

It was in the country, too, rather than in London that the best religious poetry was written. Bunyan, the Bedfordshire tinker and Puritan preacher, was the great poet of popular puritanism but his major poetry was written in prose, and most of his verse is rather clumsy doggerel; it includes, however, at least three notable poems: the 'Shepherd Boy's Song in the Valley of Humiliation', which has qualities of neatness, lucidity and wit bringing it curiously close to the poetry of the courtiers, the 'Pilgrim's Hymn' in which a street-ballad tune is used to produce an effect of heroic strength, and the astonishing 'My Little Bird' (see p. 105), a true Song of Innocence anticipating the note of William Blake by a century. The other great poet of the innocent eye and the spiritual life in this period is that strange, isolated genius Thomas Traherne, the shoemaker's

son of Hereford and Oxford scholar, who, like Bunyan, wrote his best poetry in prose. His central themes closely resemble Wordsworth's: the divinity of childhood and the recovery of the felicity of the vision of what he calls the 'Infant Ey'. He is never quite at home in the verse medium, but his poetry, at its best, has the same freshness and purity of vision that is found in the magnificent prose of his *Centuries of Meditation*. The last faint sparkles of this poetry of visionary experience are seen in the poems of John Norris, the Platonist and successor of George Herbert as Rector of Bemerton in Wiltshire, who lived on into the opening years of the eighteenth century. This poetry represents a stream which went underground for about a hundred years till the age of Blake and Wordsworth.¹

VII

The Restoration was not an age of great poetry in England. Milton's three major works were, indeed, published in the reign of Charles II but they must be regarded as belated and isolated masterpieces of the High Renaissance. The tasks confronting the Restoration poets were not to produce 'great' poetry or to revive the achievements of the Elizabethan age, but rather to keep poetry alive in an age of scepticism, rationalism and materialism and to begin the difficult process of remaking it in forms appropriate to the climate of opinion produced by the new science and the new philosophy. It is hoped that this anthology will reveal the effectiveness with which these tasks were carried out and show that, far from being a period of dullness and decay in English poetry, as it has sometimes been represented, it is one of varied, fruitful and sometimes exciting experiment.

¹ Its fortunes in the eighteenth century are ably traced by Desirée Hirst in *Hidden Riches* (1964).

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

POETRY

The Poems of Edmund Waller, edited by G. Thorn Drury, 2 vols., London, 1893.

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PANEGYRIC AND COMPLIMENTARY POETRY

EDMUND WALLER

From *A Panegyrick to My Lord Protector*

While with a strong and yet a gentle Hand,
You bridle Faction, and our Hearts command,
Protect us from our Selves, and from the Foe,
Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too;

Let partial Spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot Raign,
And own no Liberty but where they may
Without controule upon their Fellows prey.

Above the Waves as Neptune shew'd his Face,
To chide the Winds, and save the Trojan Race,
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of Ambition, tossing us, represt.

10

Your drooping Country, torn with Civill Hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious State;
The seat of Empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scotch, to fetch their doome.

The Sea's our own; and now all Nations greet,
With bending Sayles each Vessel of our Fleet;
Your Power extends as farr as Winds can blowe,
Or swelling Sayles upon the Globe may goe.

20

Heav'n, (that has placed this Island to give Lawe,
To balance Europe, and her States to awe)
In this Conjunction does on Brittain smile;
The greatest Leader, and the greatest Ile!

Whether this portion of the World were rent,
By the rude Ocean, from the Continent;
Or thus Created; it was sure design'd
To be the Sacred Refuge of Mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and Succour, at your Court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the World's Protector shall be known.

30

Fame, swifter than your winged Navie, flyes
Through every Land that near the Ocean lyes,
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful newes
To all that Piracy and Rapine use:

With such a Chief the meanest Nation blest,
Might hope to lift her Head above the rest;
What may be thought impossible to doe
For us, embraced by the Sea and You?

40

Lords of the world's great Waste, the Ocean, wee
Whole Forrests send to Raigne upon the Sea,
And every Coast may trouble, or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our happy Seat arrive;
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The Bad with vengeance, or the good to aide.

Our little World, the Image of the Great,
Like that, amidst the boundless Ocean set,
Of her own Growth has all that Nature craves;
And all that's Rare, as Tribute from the Waves.

50

* * * *

Your private Life did a just pattern give,
How Fathers, Husbands, pious Sons, should live;
Born to command, your Princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the Flock he kept.

But when your troubled Countrey called you forth,
Your flaming Courage, and your Matchless worth,
Dazeling the eyes of all that did, pretend,
To fierce Contention gave a prosp'rous end.

60

Still as you rise, the State, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the World's great Scene! when, without noise,
The rising Sun Night's vulgar Lights destroys.

Had you, some Ages past, this Race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living Virtue, all atchievements past,
Meets Envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Caesar found; and that ungrateful Age,
With losing him fell back to blood and rage;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of Union with that stroke.

70

That Sun once set, a thousand meaner Stars
Gave a dim light to Violence, and Wars,
To such a Tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty Arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great Senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the Conquer'd world had made them Lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious Armies, but by you?

80

You that had taught them to subdue their Foes,
Could Order teach, and their high Spirits compose;
To every Duty could their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage.

So when a Lyon shakes his dreadful Mayn,
And angry growes, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty Beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd World, to finde repose, at last
It self into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toyle opprest,
Her weary Head upon your Bosome rest.

90

From *To the King, Upon His Majesty's Happy Return*

The rising Sun complies with our weak sight,
First guilds the Clouds, then shews his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty Beams would do.
But Your full Majesty at once breaks forth
In the Meridian of your Reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendor of Your State,
Wrapt up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate,
With such a floud of Light invade our eyes,
And our spread Hearts with so great joy surprise,
That, if your Grace incline that we should live,
You must not, Sir! too hastily forgive.

10

Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious, and this guilty Land,
Like fainting Hester, does before you stand,
Watching your Scepter; the revolted Sea
Trembles to think she did Your Foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind Polipheme, of late,
In a wild rage, became the scorne and hate
Of her proud Neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would sink:
But You are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Gyant-Isle has got her Eye again.
Now she might spare the Ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her Foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded You from all
Dangers abroad; and now Your Thunder shall.
Princes that saw You, different passions prove,
For now they dread the Object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold His height,
Whose Conversation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove disguised in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rayes, was with amazement kill'd.

20

30

And, though it be our sorrow, and our crime,
To have accepted life so long a time
Without You here, yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to Your present Reign;
For, having viewed the persons and the things,
The Councils, State, and Strength of Europe's Kings,
You know your work: Ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heaven does to the Main.

40

We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as Books, but such as Practice, taught:
So the lost Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concern employ'd;
He ripens spices, fruits, and precious Gums,
Which from remotest Regions hither comes.

50

ABRAHAM COWLEY

To Mr. Hob

I

Vast Bodies of Philosophy
I oft have seen, and read,
But all are Bodies dead,
Or Bodies by Art fashioned;
I never yet the Living Soul could see,
But in thy Books and thee.
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair Idea thou dost show
Agree intirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so like Truth, 'twill serve our Turn as well.
Just, as in Nature, thy Proportions be,
As full of Concord their Variety,
As from the Parts upon their Center rest,
And all so solid are, that they at least
As much as Nature, Emptiness detest.

10

II

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain
The universal Intellectual Reign,
Saw his own Country's short-liv'd Leopards slain;
The stronger Roman Eagle did out-fly, 20
Oftner renew'd his Age, and saw that dye.
Mecha it self in spite of Mahumet, possess'd
And chas'd by a wild Deluge from the East,
His Monarchy new planted in the West.
But as in time each great Imperial Race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:

So did this noble Empire waste,
Sunk by degrees from Glories past,
And in the School-men's hands it perish'd quite at last.

Then nought but Words it grew, 30
And these all Barb'rous too.
It perish'd, and it vanish'd there,
The Life and Soul breath'd out became but empty Air.

III

The Fields which answer'd well the Ancients' Plow,
Spent and out-worn return no Harvest now,

In barren Age wild and unglorious lye,
And boast of past Fertility,
The poor Relief of present Poverty.

Food and Fruit we now must want:
Unless new Lands we plant. 40

We break up Tombs with sacrilegious Hands,
Old Rubbish we remove:

To walk in Ruins, like vain Ghosts, we love,
And with fond Divining Wands
We search among the dead
For Treasures buried,

While the still Liberal Earth does hold
So many Virgin Mines of undiscover'd Gold.

IV

The Baltique, Euxin, and the Caspian,
The slender limb'd Mediterranean, 50
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched Fisher-boats of Wit.
Thy nobler Vessel the vast Ocean tries,
And nothing sees but Seas and Skies,
Till unknown Regions it descries,
Thou great Columbus of the Golden Lands of new Philosophies.
Thy Task was harder much than his,
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found out first by thee,
And rudely left to future Industry, 60
But thy Eloquence and thy Wit
Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd it.

V

I little thought before,
(Nor, being my own self so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a Store)
That all the Wardrobe of rich Eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and lasting Stuff,
To cloath the mighty Limbs of thy Gigantick Sense.
Thy solid Reason like the Shield from Heaven 70
To the Trojan Hero given,
Too strong to take a Mark from any mortal Dart,
Yet shines with Gold and Gems in every Part,
And Wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd Hand of Art,

A Shield that gives Delight
Even to the Enemies Sight,
Then when they're sure to lose the Combate by't.

VI

Nor can the Snow which now cold Age does shed
Upon thy reverend Head,
Quench or allay the noble Fires within, 80
But all which thou hast been,
And all that Youth can be, thou'rt yet,
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the Manhood, and the Bloom of Wit,
And all the Natural Heat, but not the Feaver too.
So Contraries on Aetna's Top conspire,
Here hoary Frosts, and by them breaks out Fire.
A secure Peace the faithful Neighbours keep,
Th'embolden'd Snow next to the Flames does sleep.

And if we weigh, like thee,
Nature and Causes, we shall see
That thus it needs must be. 90

To Things Immortal Time can do no Wrong,
And that which never is to dye, for ever must be Young

LOVE POEMS

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

Love and Life

All my past Life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:
Like transitory Dreams giv'n o're,
Whose Images are kept in store,
By Memory alone.

The Time that is to come is not,
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my Lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

10

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
False Hearts and broken Vows;
If I, by Miracle can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

A Song

Absent from thee I languish still,
Then ask me not, when I return;

The straying Fool 'twill plainly kill,
To wish all Day, all Night to Mourn.

Dear, from thine Arms then let me flie,
That my Fantastick Mind may prove
The Torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fixt Heart from my Love.

When wearied with a world of Woe
To thy safe Bosom I retire,
Where Love and Peace and Truth does flow,
May I contented there expire.

Lest once more wand'ring from that Heav'n,
I fall on some base heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, False, unforgiv'n,
And lose my Everlasting rest.

10

A Song

My dear Mistress has a Heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me;
When with Love's resistless Art,
And her Eyes she did enslave me.
But her Constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander;
That my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleasures, wounding Blisses;
She can dress her Eyes with Love,
And her Lips can arm with Kisses.

10

Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all Mankind's wonder:
But my jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

A Song

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a Wretch persuing,
In Raptures of a blest amaze,
His pleasing happy Ruine:
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His Fate is too aspiring,
Whose Heart, broke with a weight of Love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this Murder you'd forego,
Your Slave from Death removing;
Let me your Art of Charming know,
Or learn you mine of Loving.
But whether Life, or Death betide,
In Love 'tis equal Measure;
The Victor lives with empty Pride:
The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure.

10

Song

Phillis, be gentler, I advise;
Make up for time mispent.
When Beauty on its Death-bed lyes,
'Tis high time to repent.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,
That makes you old so soon;
Your pleasure ever comes too late,
How early e're begun.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
Whose Stars contrive, in spight,
The Morning of her Love should be
Her fading Beauties Night.

Then if, to make your ruine more,
You'l peeishly be coy,
Dye with the Scandal of a Whore,
And never know the Joy.

10

Song from Valentinian

Nymph: Injurious Charmer of my vanquisht Heart,
Canst thou feel Love, and yet no pity know?
Since of my self from thee I cannot part,
Invent some gentle Way to let me go.
For what with Joy thou didst obtain,
And I with more did give;
In time will make thee false and vain,
And me unfit to live.

Shepherd: Frail Angel, that wou'dst leave a Heart forlorn,
With vain pretence falsehood therein might lye; 10
Seek not to cast wild shadows o're your scorn,
You cannot sooner change than I can dye.
To tedious life I'le never fall,
Thrown from thy dear lov'd Breast;
He merits not to live at all,
Who cares to live unblest.

Chorus: Then let our flaming Hearts be joyn'd;
While in that sacred fire;
E'er thou prove false, or I unkind,
Together both expire.

20

An Invitation

Leave this gawdy guilded Stage
From custome more than use frequented;
Where fooles of either sex and age
 Crowd to see themselves presented.
To love's Theatre the Bed
Youth and beauty fly together.
And Act soe well it may be said
The Lawrell there was due to either:
'Twixt strifes of Love and war the difference lies in this
When neither overcomes Love's triumph greater is.

10

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Song

Not, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest,
For I would change each Hour like them,
Were not my Heart at rest.

But I am ty'd to very thee
By every Thought I have;

Thy Face I only care to see,
The Heart I only crave.

All that in Woman is ador'd
In thy dear Self I find,
For the whole Sex can but afford
The Handsome and the Kind.

10

Why then should I seek farther Store,
And still make Love anew?
When Change itself can give no more,
'Tis easie to be true.

Song from Bellamira

Thyrsis, unjustly you Complain,
And tax my tender heart
With want of pity for your pain,
Or Sense of your desert.

By secret and Mysterious Springs,
Alas! our Passions move;
We women are Fantastick things,
That like before we love.

You may be handsome, and have Wit,
Be secret and well-bred,
The Person Love must to us fit,
He only can succeed.

10

Some Dye, yet never are believ'd;
Others we trust too soon,
Helping our selves to be deceiv'd,
And proud to be undone.

Song

Hears not my Phillis how the Birds
Their feather'd Mates salute?
They tell their Passion in their Words;
Must I alone be mute?
Phillis, without Frown or Smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

The God of Love in thy bright Eyes
Does like a Tyrant reign;
But in my Heart a Child he lyes,
Without his Dart or Flame.
Phillis, without Frown or Smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

10

So many Months in Silence past,
And yet in raging Love,
Might well deserve one Word at last
My Passion shou'd approve.
Phillis, without Frown or Smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

Must then your faithful Swain expire,
And not one Look obtain,
Which he, to sooth his fond Desire,
Might pleasingly explain?
Phillis, without Frown or Smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

20

Song

Phillis is my only Joy,
Faithless as the Winds or Seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please;
If with a Frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling,
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Tho', alas, too late I find,
Nothing can her Fancy fix;
Yet the Moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her Tricks;
Which, tho' I see,
I can't get free;
She deceiving,
I believing;
What need Lovers wish for more?

10

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

To a Very Young Lady

Sweetest bud of Beauty, may
No untimely frost decay
Th' early glories, which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchless face;

But kindly opening, like a Rose,
Fresh beauties every day disclose,
Such as by Nature are not shewn
In all the blossoms she has blown:
And then, what conquest shall you make,
Who hearts already dayly take?
Scorcht in the Morning with thy beams,
How shall we bear those sad extreams
Which must attend thy threatening eyes
When thou shalt to thy Noon arise?

10

*To a Lady, Asking Him how Long
He Would Love Her*

It is not, Celia, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
May lose those joys we now do taste:
The Blessed, that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortal Lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past.
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die?

10

Silvia

The Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind
No less then a wonder by Nature design'd;

She's the grief of my heart, the joy of my eye,
And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth from whence wit still obligingly flows
Has the beautiful blush, and smell of the rose;
Love and destiny both attend on her will,
She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no redress,
Where beauty and rigour are both in excess;
In SILVIA they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

10

A Song

Ye happy Swains, whose Hearts are free
From Love's Imperial Chain,
Take warning and be taught by me,
T' avoid th' enchanting Pain.
Fatal the Wolves to trembling Flocks,
Fierce Winds to Blossoms prove,
To careless Seamen hidden Rocks,
To Human Quiet Love.

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss you prize;
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r:
Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,
That tasted Quiet more?
How faithless is the Lover's joy!
How constant is their Care!
The Kind with Falshood do destroy,
The Cruel with Despair.

10

Song

Cease, anxious World, your fruitless pain
To grasp forbidden store;
Your studied labors shall prove vain,
Your alchemy unblest,
Whilst seeds of far more precious ore
Are ripened in my breast.

My breast, the forge of happier love,
Where my Lucinda lives;
And the rich stock does so improve
As she her art employs,
That every smile and touch she gives
Turns all to golden joys.

Since then we can such treasure raise,
Let's no expense refuse
In love let's lay out all our days—
How can we e'er be poor,
When every blessing that we use
Begets a thousand more.

10

APHRA BEHN

A Song. Love Arm'd
(from *Abdelazar*)

Love in Fantastique Triumph satt,
Whilst Bleeding Hearts around him flow'd,
For whom Fresh paines he did Create,
And strange Tyranick power he show'd;

From thy Bright Eyes he took his fire,
Which round about, in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desire,
Enough to undo the Amorous World.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his Pride and Crueltie;
From me his Languishments and Feares,
And every Killing Dart from thee;
Thus thou and I, the God have arm'd,
And set him up a Deity;
But my poor Heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the Victor is, and free.

10

CHARLES COTTON

Sonnets on Two Rural Sisters

I

Alice is tall and upright as a Pine
White as blanch'd Almonds, or the falling Snow,
Sweet as are Damask Roses when they blow,
And doubtless fruitful as the swelling Vine.

Ripe to be cut and ready to be press'd,
Her full cheek'd beauties very well appear,
And a year's fruit she loses ev'ry year,
Wanting a man t' improve her to the best.

Full fain she would be husbanded, and yet,
Alas! she cannot a fit Lab'rer get

10

To cultivate her to her own content:
Fain would she be (God wot) about her task,
And yet (forsooth) she is too proud to ask,
And (which is worse) too modest to consent.

II

Marg'ret of humbler stature by the head
Is (as it oft falls out with yellow hair)
Then her fair Sister, yet so much more fair,
As her pure white is better mixt with red.

This, hotter than the other ten to one,
Longs to be put unto her Mother's trade,
And loud proclaims she lives too long a Maid,
Wishing for one t'untie her Virgin Zone.

She finds Virginity a kind of ware,
That's very very troublesome to bear,
And being gone, she thinks will ne'er be mist:
And yet withal, the Girl has so much grace,
To call for help I know she wants the face,
Though ask'd, I know not how she would resist.

10

RICHARD LEIGH

Bathing her self

Happy this wandring Stream!
Which gently proud does seem,
As it had ne're before,
So rich a Burthen bore.

Swell'd with her Body now,
It does with Joy o'reflow.
Th'exulting Waves forget
The Limits to then set;
With Joy now swelling more,
Than e're with Rage before; 10
Her Breast yet lightly raise,
To measure its smooth waies;
While her soft Arms divide
The Current on each side.
Which in new Circles broke,
By ev'ry bending Stroke;
Thus troubled, does appear,
As strook with Sun-beams, clear.

From out of Water, ne're
Did rise a Shape so fair,
Nor could it e're to Sight, 20
Reflect a form so bright.
Such sweetness nor such grace,
Shin'd not in Venus Face,
When froth did it enclose,
As 'bove the Waves it rose,
And in white Circles crown'd
The whiter Goddess round.
Less pleasing she did shew,
Her naked Glories, new. 30
Though all the Deep then smil'd,
To see the Sea-born Child.

No undisturbed Brook
In which th'Heav'ns chuse to look,
Sees such a Beauty move,
As this reflects above;
No Deep, such Treasures know,
As what this hides below.

Her Window

Here first the Day does break,
And for Access does seek,
Repairing for Supplies,
To her new op'ned Eyes,
Then (with a gentle Light
Gilding the Shades, of Night)
Their Curtains drawn, does come,
To draw those of her Room;
Both open, a small Ray,
Does spread abroad the Day,
Which peeps into each Nest,
Where neighb'ring Birds do rest;
Who spread upon their yong,
Begin their Morning-Song,
And from their little home,
Nearer her Window come,
While from low Boughs they hop,
And perch upon the Top;
And so from Bough to Bough,
Still singing as they goe,
In praise of Light and Her,
Whom they to Light prefer;
By whose Protection blest,
So quietly they nest,
Secure, as in the Wood,
In such a Neighbourhood.
While undisturb'd they sit,
Fearing nō Hauk, nor Net,
And here the first News sing,
Of the approaching Spring.
The Spring which ever here,

10

20

30

Does first of all appear;
Its fair Course, still begun
By Her, and by the Sun.

THOMAS SHIPMAN

Beauties Periphrasis

My Muse, more happy far than I,
Has long my Mistris Hand-maid been,
Us'd to unlace, unpin, untye
And has all her Perfections seen.

On New-year's day I spy'd my Madam;
She and the Year both in their prime,
More fresh than was the Miss of Adam
Sprung from the Maiden-head of Time.

Her Garments I will first disclose;
Then naked lay my blushing Queen,
The same procedure has the Rose;
First Leaves, and then the Bud is seen.

Her Hoods sometimes her Beauties hide;
Which custom may be well allow'd,
Since Sol's bright Face in all his pride
Is often hid beyond a Cloud.

Her Visard-mask, that hides her face
Declares more cruelty than state;
She looks as Beauty' Prisoner was,
And peeping through a double grate.

10

20

Among her Curls she Jewels wears,
All glittering with those shining drops,
Which, like Aurora's pearly Tears,
Sit tremblong on the Lillies' Tops.

If we consider worth or state,
The diamond neck-lace that she wears,
May challenge Ariadne's fate,
And turn into a wreath of Stars.

Her costly Points by Artists fram'd,
Like Wings of Cherubims imbrace
Her swelling Breasts, which once I nam'd
(Unjustly tho') the Mercy-Place.

30

Her Gowns tho' rich, and worthy pride
Lock up the beauties of her Youth,
Like cloudy Parables that hide
The glorious majesty of Truth.

Her Gloves are like the tender Rind
Of that rare Plant that sweateth Balm,
The truth of this you'd quickly find,
If you but kist her melting Palm.

40

Through scarlet-stockins shines her skin:
Light pierces thus red-painted Glasses;
Ten shining pearls inclos'd within
Are lockt up in those ruby Cases.

Her Shoos with envy I did prize,
And wish'd my self be so grac'd,
Stor'd with two pair of open Eyes,
For tempting objects rightly plac'd.

Her envious Smock tho' hid my bliss:

 Thus Snow strikes earnest gazers blind;
All may be seen when thaw'd it is
 By Jove, the Sun-shine of the Mind.

50

Her Beauties are cloath'd o're with light,
 Not here expos'd to wild desires;
Such thoughts the beams of vertue fright,
 As rav'nois Beasts retreat from fires.

Her Hair may justly make her prouder
 Than Queens who to their Crowns were born,
And looks when candy'd o're with powder,
 Like Sun-beams in a rimy morn.

60

A curious chrystral prop (her Nose)
 Supports the Arches of her Skies.
Her Front the Chrystalline Heaven shows,
 Studded with shining Stars, her Eyes.

Each Cheek like to a Roseal Grove,
 Where thousand Cupids sporting lye;
Whetting their several Darts of Love;
 Her Brows the Bows from whence they flye.

Her simpring Mouth such charms declare,
 Which Rhetorick never could produce;
Her Lips, like full-ripe Cherries are
 Preserv'd in their own natural Juyce.

70

Her Breath more sweet than perfum'd gales,
 That from Arabian Gardens blow,
Or those which sweep the Indian Vales
 Where Jasmins in their vigours grow.

Such treasures of her Breath and Tongue
Ought not to be too much expos'd;
Hence Fate to bulwark them from wrong
With double fence of Pearls inclos'd.

80

Her Shoulders Beauty's Atlas are
But cover'd with a purer Snow;
And far a richer burden bear
Of Beauties and of Glories too.

Her Breasts a pair of Ivory Bowls,
With Biasses of Rubies nail'd,
Or else two white Paper scrouls,
Which Nature had with red-wax seal'd.

Beneath those Hills a Valley spread,
Where Violets and Lillies strove,
Through which a perfum'd Path did lead,
Directing to th' Elysian Grove.

90

Her Back-side two round snowy Mountains,
Which 'twixt 'em did a Valley hide,
In which did spring a pair of Fountains,
Where Gold and Silver Streams did glide.

Her Knees I those rare Hinges nam'd,
On which this Beauteous Fabrick mov'd;
Her thighs the Columns strongly fram'd
On which my stately Temple stood.

100

Thus have I vowed, sworn, protested
To lift my Mistris to the Sky;
Yet cruel she thinks I but jested;
And by my troth, Sirs, so think I.

POEMS OF COUNTRY LIFE AND FRIENDSHIP

CHARLES COTTON

The Retirement

Stanzes Irreguliers To Mr. Izaak Walton

I

Farewell, thou busie World, and may
We never meet again:
Here can I eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day,
Than he who his whole Age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous Theaters,
Where nought but Vice and Vanity do reign.

II

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautifull the Fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!

10

What Peace! what Unanimity!
How innocent from the leud Fashion,
Is all our bus'ness, all our Conversation!

III

Oh how happy here's our leisure!
Oh how innocent our pleasure!
Oh ye Vallies, oh ye Mountains!
Oh ye Groves and Chrystall Fountains,
How I love at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

20

IV

O Solitude, the Soul's best Friend,
That man acquainted with himself does make,
And all the Maker's Wonders to intend;
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still;
For it is thou alone, that keep'st the Soul awake.

V

How calm and quiet a delight
It is, alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offending, nor offending none;
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

30

VI

Oh my beloved Nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of Rivers, how I love
Upon thy flow'ry Banks to lie,
And view thy Silver stream,
When gilded by a Summer's Beam!
And in it, all thy wanton Fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my Angle upon them
The All of Treachery
I ever learn'd to practise and to try!

40

VII

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,
Th'Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po;
The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine much purer to compare:
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine
Are both too mean
Beloved Dove with thee
To vie priority;
Nay Tame and Isis, when conjoyn'd, submit
And lay their Trophies at thy Silver Feet.

50

VIII

O my beloved Rocks! that rise
To awe the Earth, and brave the Skies,
From some aspiring Mountain's crown
How dearly do I love,

45

Giddy with pleasure to look down,
And from the Vales to view the noble heights above!

60

IX

O my beloved Caves! from Dog-star heats,
And hotter Persecution safe Retreats,
What safety, privacy, true delight,

In the artificial Night

Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!

How oft when grief has made me fly

To hide me from Society,

Even of my dearest Friends have I

In your recesses friendly shade

All my sorrows open laid,

And my most secret woes entrusted to your privacy!

70

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think my self to be,
Might I in this desart place,
Which most men by their voice disgrace,
Live but undisturb'd and free!

Here in this despis'd recess

Would I maugre Winter's cold,

And the Summer's worst excess,

Try to live out to sixty full years old,

And all the while

Without an envious eye

On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

80

Evening Quatrains

The Day's grown old, the fainting Sun
Has but a little way to run,
And yet his Steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the Chariot down the Hill.

With Labour spent and Thirst opprest,
Whilst they strain hard to gain the West,
From Fetlocks hot drops melted light,
Which turn to meteors in the Night.

The Shadows now so long do grow,
That Brambles like tall Cedars show,
Mole-hills seem Mountains, and the Ant
Appears a monstrous Elephant.

10

A very little little Flock
Shades twice the ground that it would stock;
Whilst the small Stripling following them,
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

These being brought into the Fold,
And by the thrifty Master told,
He thinks his Wages are well paid
Since none are either lost, or stray'd.

20

Now lowing Herds are each-where heard,
Chains rattle in the Villain's Yard,
The Cart's on Tayl set down to rest,
Bearing on high the Cuckold's Crest.

The hedg is stript, the Clothes brought in,
Nought's left without should be within,
The Bees are hiv'd and hum their Charm,
Whilst every House does seem a Swarm.

The Cock now to the Roost is prest:
For he must call up all the rest;
The Sow's fast pegg'd within the Sty,
To still her squeaking Progeny.

30

Each one has had his Supping Mess,
The Cheese is put into the Press,
The Pans and Bowls clean scalded all,
Rear'd up against the Milk-house Wall.

And now on Benches all are sat
In the cool Air to sit and chat,
Till Phoebus, dipping in the West,
Shall lead the World the way to rest.

40

KATHERINE PHILIPS

Orinda to Lucasia

Observe the weary birds e're night be done,
How they would fain call up the tardy Sun:
With Feathers hung with dew,
And trembling voices too,
They court their glorious Planet to appear,
That they may find recruits of spirits there.
The drooping Flowers hang their heads,
And languish down into their beds;

While Brooks more bold and fierce than they,
Wanting those beams from whence
All things drink influence,
Openly murmur and demand the day.

10

Thou, my Lucasia, art far more to me,
Than he to all the under-world can be;
From thee I've heat and light,
Thy absence makes my night.
But ah! my Friend, it now grows very long,
The sadness weighty, and the darkness strong:
My tears (its dew) dwell on my cheeks,
And still my heart thy dawning seeks,
And to thee mournfully it cries,
That if too long I wait,
Ev'n thou may'st come too late,
And not restore my life, but close my eyes.

20

To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship

I did not live until this time
Crowned my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but Thee.

This Carcase breath'd, and walkt, and slept,
So that the World believ'd
There was a Soul the Motions kept;
But they were all deceiv'd.

For as a Watch by art is wound
To motion, such as mine:
But never had Orinda found
A Soul till she found thine;

10

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,
And guides my darken'd Breast:
For thou art all that I can prize,
My Joy, my Life, my Rest.

No Bridegroom's nor Crown-conqueror's mirth
To mine compar'd can be:
They have but pieces of this earth,
I've all the World in thee. 20

Then let our Flames still light and shine,
And no false fear control,
As innocent as our Design,
Immortal as our Soul.

To Mrs. M. A. at parting

I have examin'd and do find,
Of all that favour me,
There's none I grieve to leave behind
But only, only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting sep'rate thee and I.

But neither Chance nor Complement
Did element our Love;
'Twas sacred Sympathy was lent
Us from the Quire above.
That Friendship Fortune did create,
Still fears a wound from Time or Fate. 10

Our chang'd and mingled Souls are grown
To such acquaintance now,

That if each would resume their own,
Alas! we know not how.
We have each other so engrost,
That each is in the Union lost.

And thus we can no Absence know,
Nor shall we be confin'd; 20
Our active Souls will daily go
To learn each other's mind.
Nay, should we never meet to Sense,
Our Souls would hold Intelligence.

Inspired with a Flame Divine,
I scorn to court a stay;
For from that noble Soul of thine
I ne're can be away.
But I shall weep when thou dost grieve;
Nor can I die whil'st thou dost live. 30

By my own temper I shall guess
At thy felicity,
And only like my happiness
Because it pleaseth thee.
Our hearts at any time will tell,
If thou, or I, be sick, or well.

All Honour sure I must pretend,
All that is Good or Great;
She that would be Rosania's Friend,
Must be at least compleat. 40
If I have any bravery,
'Tis cause I have so much of thee.

Thy Leiger Soul in me shall lie,
And all thy thoughts reveal;

Then back again with mine shall flie,
And thence to me shall steal.
Thus still to one another tend;
Such is the sacred name of Friend.

Thus our twin-Souls in one shall grow,
And teach the World new love,
Redeem the Age and Sex, and shew
A Flame Fate dares not move:
And courting Death to be our friend,
Our Lives together too shall end.

A Dew shall dwell upon our Tomb
Of such a quality,
That fighting Armies, thither come,
Shall reconciled be.
We'll ask no Epitaph, but say
ORINDA and ROSANIA.

50

60

THOMAS SHIPMAN

The Virgin *Epitaph upon Mrs. S. S.*

If Dust imbalm'd inricht the Soyl,
Making such Tombs intice to spoil,
She needs must yield a richer prize,
Imbalm'd with Virtue more than spice.
This Stone she turns into a Shrine,
Making the Grave become a Mine.
Her precious worth, like Ingotts, shines
And is new minted in these Lines.

Read, if thou canst, with unwet eyes,
Where Vertue's Darling bury'd lies.
Fair as the Sun, yet scorn'd to twist
Her Virgin Splendor with a Mist,
Chaster than Snow, unmelted tryes
The hottest beames of amorous eyes.
Her Looks, at Sin and Lust incens'd,
Like Cherubim her Eden fenc'd.

10

Yet if this World can imitate
Her Vertues, 'tis a happier fate
Than if she had left Children here.
These mortal, those immortal are.

20

STREET BALLADS AND POPULAR POETRY

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

Song

Written at Sea in the First Dutch War, 1665

To all you Ladies now at Land,
We Men at Sea indite;
But first wou'd have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.

For tho' the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty Brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouze the Wind,
To wave the azure Main,
Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we
Roll up and Down our Ships at Sea.

10

Then if we write not by each Post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our Ships are Lost
By Dutchmen or by Wind;
Our Tears we'll send a speedier Way,
The Tide shall bring 'em twice a-day.

The King with Wonder and Surprise
Will swear the Seas grow bold;
Because the Tides will higher rise
Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know it is our Tears
Bring Floods of Grief to Whitehall Stairs.

20

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal Story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a Foe,
And quit their Fort at Goree:
For what Resistance can they find
From Men who've left their Hearts behind?

30

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No Sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how Things go
Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.

To pass our tedious Hours away,
We throw a merry Main,
Or else at serious Ombre play,
But why should we in vain
Each others Ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.

40

But now our Fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our Hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our Woe,
Sit careless at a Play:
Perhaps permit some happier Man
To kiss your Hand or flirt your Fan.

When any mournful Tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry Note;
As if it sigh'd with each Man's Care
For being so remote;
Think then how often Love we've made
To you when all those Tunes were play'd.

50

In Justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our Distress;
When we for Hope of Honour lose
Our certain Happiness:
All those Designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your Love.

60

And now we've told you all our Loves
And likewise all our Fears;
In hopes this Declaration moves
Some Pity from your Tears:
Let's hear of no Inconstancy:
We have too much of that at Sea.

A Song on Black Bess

Methinks the poor Town has been troubled too long
With Phillis and Cloris in every Song;
By Fools who at once can both love and despair,
And will never leave calling 'em cruel and fair;
Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express
The Truth that I know of bonny Black Bess.

56

This Bess of my Heart, this Bess of my Soul,
Has a skin white as Milk, and Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with ease you may span round her Waste,
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd; 10
Her belly is soft, not a Word of the rest;
But I know what I think when I drink to the best.

The Plowman, the Squire, the arranter Clown,
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon Gown;
But now she adorns both the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town-gallants are forc'd to submit;
All hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
And beat Day and Night, like my Lord Craven's Drums.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
For she'd outshine Ladies, Paint, Jewels, and all, 20
If a Lord shou'd but whisper his Love in the Crowd,
She'd sell him a Bargain, and laugh out aloud:
Then the Queen overhearing what Betty did say,
Would send Mr Roper to take her away.

But to those who have had my dear Bess in their arms,
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp and to trip in her Pace;
And with Head on one side and a languishing Eye,
To kill us by looking as if she would die. 30

ANDREW MARVELL

From *A Dialogue between Two Horses*

(w.=the horse of the equestrian statue of Charles II at Woolchurch,
ch.=that of the statue of Charles I at Charing Cross)

w. One of the two Tyrants must still be our case
Under all that shall Reign of the false Scottish race.
ch. De Witt and Cromwell had each a brave soul.
w. I freely declare it, I am for old Noll.
Tho' his Government did a Tyrant's resemble,
Hee made England great and its enemies tremble.
ch. Thy Ryder puts no man to death in his wrath,
w. But hee's buryed alive in lust and in sloth.
ch. What is thy opinion of James Duke of York?
w. The same that the Froggs had of Jupiter's Stork. 10
With the Turk in his head and the Pope in his heart
Father Patrick's Disciple will make England smart.
If e're he be King I know Brittain's Doome;
Wee must all to the Stake or be Converts to Rome.
A Tudor, a Tudor! wee've had Stuarts enough;
None ever Reign'd like old Besse in the Ruffe.
ch. Her Walsingham could dark Councells unriddle,
w. And our Sir Joseph write news-books and fiddle.
ch. Troth, Brother, well said, but that's somewhat bitter:
w. His perfum'd predecessor was never much fitter. 20
ch. Yet wee have one Secretary honest and wise:
w. For that very reason hee's never to rise.
ch. But canst thou Divine when things shall be mended?
w. When the Reign of the Line of the Stuarts is ended.

ch. Then, England, Rejoyce, thy Redemption draws nigh;
Thy oppression together with Kingship shall dye.

w. A Commonwealth, a Commonwealth wee proclaim to the
Nation:
The Gods have repented the King's Restoration.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

From *The History of Insipids*

Chast, pious, prudent, Charles the Second
The Miracle of thy Restauration,
May like to that of Quails be reckon'd
Rain'd on the Israelitick Nation;
The wisht for Blessing from Heav'n sent,
Became their Curse and Punishment.

The Vertues in thee, Charles inherent,
Although thy countenance be an odd piece,
Proves thee as true a Gods Viceregent
As e're was Harry with the Codpiece:
For Chastity and pious Deeds,
His Grandsire Harry, Charles exceeds.

10

★ ★ ★ ★

Never was such a Faith's Defender,
He, like a politick Prince, and pious,
Gives liberty to Conscience tender,
And doth to no Religion tye us.
Jews, Christians, Turks, Papists, he'll please us,
With Moses, Mahomet, or Jesus.

In all Affairs of Church or State,
He very zealous is, and able,
Devout at Prayers, and sits up late
At the Cabal and Council Table.
His very Dog at Council Board,
Sits grave and wise, as any Lord.

20

Let Charles his Policy no Man flout,
The wisest Kings have all some Folly,
Nor let his Piety any doubt;
Charles like a Sovereign wise and holy,
Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
And Bishops some that love a Wench.

30

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
Preserving those that cut off's Head:
Old Cavaliers the Crown's best Guard,
He lets them starve for want of Bread.
Never was any King endow'd
With so much Grace and Gratitude.

Blood, that wears Treason in his Face,
Villain compleat, in Parson's Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace
For stealing Ormond, and the Crown?
Since Loyalty do's no Man good,
Let's steal the King and out-do Blood.

40

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,
Members by name, you must not mention,
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes,
Here with a Place, there with a Pension
When to give Mony he can't cologue 'um,
He doth with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'um.

But they long since by too much giving,
Undid, betray'd, and sold the Nation;
Making their Memberships a Living,
Better than e're was Sequestration.
God give thee, Charles, a Resolution
To damn the Knaves by a Dissolution.

50

THOMAS JORDAN

The Epicure

Sung by one in the habit of a Town Gallant

Let us drink and be merry, dance, Joke and Rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry, Theorbo and Voice,
The changeable World to our Joy is unjust,
All Treasure uncertain, then down with your dust.

In Frollicks dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred year hence.

Wee'l kiss and be free with Nan, Betty and Philly,
Have Oysters and Lobsters, and Maids by the Belly;
Fish-dinners will make a Lass spring like a flea,
Dame Venus (Love's Godess) was born of the sea.

10

With her and with Bacchus wee'll tickle the sence,
For we shall be past it a hundred year hence.

Your most beautiful Bit, that hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honesty sells for a hogo of Honour;
Whose Lightness and Brightness, doth shine in such splendor,
That None but the Stars are thought fit to attend her.

Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sence,
Will be damnable mouldy a hundred year hence.

Then why should we turmoil in Cares and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquillity to Sighs and Tears?
Let's eat, drink and play till worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain that *post mortem nulla voluptas*.

20

Let's deal with our Damsels, that we may from thence,
Have broods to succeed us a hundred years hence.

The Usurer that in the hundred takes Twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth, and doth pine in his Plenty
Lays up for a season which he shall ne'r see,
The Year of One thousand eight hundred and three.

His Wit and his Wealth, his Law, Learning and sence
Shall be turn'd into nothing a hundred year hence.

30

Your Chancery Lawyer who by Conscience thrives
In spinning of Suits to the length of three Lives,
Such Suits which the clients do wear in slavery,
While the Pleader makes Conscience a Cloak for his knavery,
May boast of his subtlety i'th' Present tense,
But *Non est inventus* a hundred year hence.

Your most Christian Mounsieur who rants it in Riot,
Not suffering his more Christian Neighbours live quiet,
Whose numberless Legions that to him belongs,
Consist of more Nations than Babel has tongues.

40

Though num'rous as Dust in despight of defence,
Shall all lie in ashes a hundred years hence.

We mind no the Counsels of such Bloody Elves,
Let us set foot to foot, and be true to our selves;
Our Honesty from our Good-fellowship springs,
We aim at no selfish preposterous things.

Wee'l seek no preferment by subtle pretence,
Since all shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

ANONYMOUS

A Ballad Call'd the Green-Gown

Pan leave piping; the gods have done feasting,

There's never a Goddess a hunting to day,
Mortalls marvel at Corridons jesting,

That gives them assistance to entertain May.

The Lads and the Lasses, with scarves on their faces,

So lively as passes trip over the downs.

Much mirth, and sport they make, running at Barly break,

Lord what hast they make for a green-gown.

John with Gillian, Harry with Francis,

10

Meg and Mary with Robin and Will,

George and Margery lead all the dances,

For they were reported to have the best skill

But Cicily and Nanny the fairest of many,

That came last of all from out of the Towne

Quickly got in among the midst of all the twang,

They so much did long for their green-gown.

Wanton Deborah whispered with Dorothy,

That she should wink upon Richard and Sym,

Mincing Maudlin shew'd her authority,

And in the quarrel would venture a Limb!

20

But Sibbel was sickly and could come quickly,

And therefore was likely to fall in a sowne,

Tib would not tarry for Tom nor for Harry,

Lest Christian should carry away the green-gown.

Blanch and Bettrice both of a family,
Came very lazy lagging behind,
Annise and Annabel noteing their pollicie,
Cupid is cunning although he be blind:
But Winny the witty, that came from the Citie,
With Parnel the pretty, and Besse the brown;
Clem, Jane and Isabel, Su, Alice and bonny Nel,
Travell'd exceedingly for a green-gown.

30

Now the Youngsters had reach't the green Medow
Where they intended to gather their May,
Some in sunshine, some in the shadow;
Singled in couples did fall to their play:
But constant Penelope, Faith, Hope and Charity,
Look't very modestly, yet they lay downe,
And Prudence prevented what Rachel repented,
And Kate was contented to take a green-gown.

40

Then they desired to know of a truth,
If all their Fellows were in like case,
Nem called for Eede and Eede for Ruth,
Ruth for Marcy and Marcy for Grace:
But there was no speaking, they answer'd with squeaking
The pretty Lass breaking the head of the Clown,
But some were a-wooing while others were doing,
Yet all their going was for a green-gown.

Bright Apollo was all this while peeping,
To see if his Daphne had been in the wooing.
But missing her hastily, downwards was creeping,
For Thetis imagin'd he tarried too long.
Then all the troop mourned, and homeward returned,
For Cinthia scorn'd to smile or to frown,
Thus they did gather May all the long summer day,
And at Night went away with a green-gown.

50

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

Song

From *She Wou'd if She Cou'd*

If she be not kind as fair,
But peevish and unhandy,
Leave her—she's only worth the care
Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee such an ass,
Hadst thou ne'er so much leisure,
To sigh and whine for such a lass
Whose pride's above her pleasure.

Make much of every buxom girl
Which needs but little courting;
Her value is above the pearl,
That takes delight in sporting.

10

WALTER POPE

The Wish

If I live to be Old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my Fate. In a Country Town,
May I have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl, to rub my bald Pate.

CHORUS

May I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,
And grow Wiser, and Better, as my Strength wears away,
Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle decay.

May my little House stand on the Side of a Hill,
With an easy Descent, to a Mead, and a Mill,
That when I've a mind, I may hear my Boy read,
In the Mill, if it rains, if it's dry, in the Mead.

10

Near a shady Grove, and a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at Distance, whereupon I may look,
With spacious Plain, without Hedge or Stile,
And an easie Pad-Nag, to ride out a Mile.

With Horace and Petrarch, and Two or Three more
Of the best Wits that reign'd in the Ages before,
With roast Mutton, rather than Ven'son or Teal,
And clean, tho' course Linnen at every Meal.

With a Pudding on Sundays, with stout humming Liquor,
And Remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar,
With Monte-Fiascone, or Burgundy Wine
To drink the King's Health as oft as I dine.

20

May my Wine be Vermillion, may my Malt-drink be pale,
In neither extream, or too mild or too stale,
In lieu of Deserts, Unwholsome and Dear,
Let Lodi or Parmisan bring up the Rear.

Nor Tory, or Wig, Observator or Trimmer
May I be, nor against the Laws Torrent a Swimmer,
May I mind what I speak, what I write, and hear read,
But with matters of State ne'er trouble my Head.

30

Let the Gods who dispose of every King's Crown,
Whomsoever they please, set up and pull down.
Ile pay the whole Shilling impos'd on my Head
Tho I go without Claret that Night to my Bed.

I'll bleed without grumbling, tho' that Tax should appear
As oft as New Moons, or Weeks in a Year,
For why should I let a seditious Word fall?
Since my Lands in Utopia pay nothing at all.

Tho' I care not for Riches, may I not be so poor, 40
That the Rich without shame cannot enter my Door,
May they court my converse, may they take much delight,
My old Stories to hear in a Winter's long Night.

My small stock of Wit may I not misapply,
To flatter great men be they never so high,
Nor mispend the few Moments I steal from the Grave,
In fawning, or cringing, like a Dog or a Slave.

May none whom I love, to so great Riches rise
As to slight their Acquaintance, and their old Friends despise,
So Low or so High, may none of them be, 50
As to move either Pity, or Envy in me.

A Friendship I wish for, but alas 'tis in vain,
Jove's Store-House is empty and can't it supply,
So firm, that no change of Times, Envy, or Gain,
Or Flatt'ry, or Woman, should have Pow'r to unty.

But if Friends prove unfaithful, and Fortune a Whore,
Still may I be Virtuous, though I am poor,
My Life then, as useless, may I freely resign,
When no longer I relish, true Wit, and good Wine.

To out live my Senses may it not be my Fate,
To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all,
But rather let Death come before 'tis so late,
And while there's some Sap in it, may my Tree fall.

60

I hope I shall have no occasion to send
For Priests, or Fysicians, till I am so near mine End
That I have eat all my Bread, and drunk my last Glass,
Let them come then, and set their Seals to my Pass.

With a Courage undaunted, may I face my last Day,
And when I am Dead, may the better sort say,
In the Morning, when sober, in the Evening, when mellow, 70
He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow.

Without any Noise when I've pass'd o'r the Stage,
And decently acted what part Fortune gave,
And put off my Vests in a chearful Old Age,
May a few honest Fellows see me laid in my Grave.

I care not whether under a Turf, or a Stone,
With any inscription upon it, or none,
If a Thousand Years hence, *Here lies W.P.*,
Shall be read on my Tomb, what is it to me?

Yet one Wish I add, for the sake of those Few
Who in reading these lines any Pleasure shall take,
May I leave a good Fame, and a sweet smelling Name,
Amen. Here an End to my Wishes I make.

80

CHORUS

May I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,
And grow Wiser, and Better, as my Strength wears away,
Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

SATIRES AND LAMPOONS

SAMUEL BUTLER

From *Hudibras*

I

The Religion of Hudibras

For his Religion it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blew;
For he was of that stubborn Crew
Of errant Saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of Pike and Gun;
Decide all Controversies by
Infallible Artillery;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apostolick Blows and Knocks;
Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
A godly-thorough-Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A Sect whose chief Devotion lies
In odd perverse Antipathies;

10

20

In falling out with that or this
And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
Than Dog distract, or Monky sick,
That with more care keep Holy-day
The wrong than others the right way;
Compound for Sins they are inclin'd to
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshipp'd God for spight, 30
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another nothing else allow:
All Piety consists therein
In then, in other Men all Sin:
Rather than fail, they will defie
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with minc'd Pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, Plum-porridge; 40
Fat Pig and Goose it self oppose,
And blasphem'e Custard through the Nose.
Th'Apostles of this fierce Religion,
Like Mahomet's were Ass and Widgeon,
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
As if Hipocrisie and Non-sence
Had got th'Advouson of his Conscience.

II

The New Light of Ralph

He could deep Mysteries unriddle
As easily as thread a Needle;

For as of Vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way:
What e'er men speak by this New Light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a Dark-Lanthorn of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it.
A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to couzen by:
An Ignis Fatuus that bewitches
And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty Pond;
To dive like Wild-fowl for Salvation,
And fish to catch Regeneration.

10

III

Night

The sun grew low and left the Skies
Put down (some write) by Ladies' eyes,
The Moon pull'd off her veil of Light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
Mysterious Veil of brightness made,
That's both her Lustre and her Shade,
And in the Lanthorn of the Night
With shining Horns hung out her light;
For Darkness is the proper Sphere
Where all false Glories use t'appear.
The twinkling Stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd luster,
While Sleep the weary World reliev'd,
By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.

10

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

The Maim'd Debauchee

As some brave Admiral, in former War
Depriv'd of Force, but prest with Courage still,
Two Rival Fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent Hill.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The Wise and daring Conduct of the Fight:
And each bold Action to his Mind renews
His present Glory and his past Delight.

From his fierce Eyes flashes of Rage he throws,
As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks away,
Transported thinks himself amidst his Foes,
And, absent, yet enjoys the bloody Day.

So, when my Days of Impotence approach,
And I'me by Love and Wine's unlucky chance,
Driv'n from the pleasing Billows of Debauch,
On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance,

My Pains at last some respite shall afford,
While I behold the Battels you maintain:
When Fleets of Glasses sail around the Board,
From whose Broad-Sides Volleys of Wit shall rain.

Nor shall the sight of Honourable Scars,
Which my too forward Valour did procure,

10

20

Frighten new-listed Souldiers from the Wars,
Past Joys have more than paid what I endure.

Shou'd some brave Youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly shrink,
'Twoud please the Ghost of my departed Vice,
If, at my Counsel, he repent and drink,

Or shou'd some cold-complexion'd Sot forbid,
With his dull Morals, our Night's brisk Alarms; 30
I'le fire his Blood by telling what I did,
When I was strong and able to bear Arms.

I'le tell of Whores attacqu'd, their Lords at home,
Bawds' Quarters beaten up, and fortress won:
Windows demolish'd, Watches overcome,
And handsom Ills by my contrivance done.

With Tales like these I will such heat inspire,
As to important mischief shall incline:
I'le make 'em long some Ancient Church to fire,
And fear no lewdness they're call'd to by Wine. 40

Thus Statesman-like I'le saucily impose,
And safe from Danger, valiantly advise,
Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing else, be wise.

Corinna

*From A Letter from Artemisa in the Town
to Cloe in the Country*

The meanest, common Slut, who long has grown
The jeast and scorn of ev'ry Pit-Buffoon;

Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd
Some Fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
Foster could make an Irish Lord a Nokes;
And Betty Morris had her City Cokes.
A Woman's ne're so ruin'd, but she can
Be still reveng'd on her undoer, Man:
How lost so'e're She'l find some Lover more,
A more abandon'd Fool than she a Whore. 10
That wretched thing Corinna, who has run
Through all the sev'ral ways of being undone:
Cozen'd at first by Love, and living then
By turning to the too-dear-bought cheat on Men:
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When first the Town her early Beauties knew:
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed;
Youth in her Looks, and Pleasure in her Bed:
'Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of Wit: 20
Who found 'twas dull to love above a day;
Made his ill-natur'd jeast, and went away.
Now scorn'd of all, forsaken, and opprest,
She's a *Memento Mori* to the rest:
Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a Crown
Must mortgage her Long Scarf, and Manto Gown;
Poor Creature, who unheard of, as a Flie,
In some dark hole must all the Winter lye;
And want and dirt, endure a whole half year,
That, for one month, she Tawdry may appear. 30
In Easter Term she gets her a new Gown;
When my young Master's Worship comes to Town. . . .

From *Tunbridge Wells*

I

Gallant and Damsel

Here, waiting for Gallant, young Damsel stood,
Leaning on Cane, and muffle'd up in Hood;
That would-be Wit, whose business 'twas to woo,
With hat remov'd and solemn scrape of Shooe;
Bowing advanc'd, then he gently shrugs,
And ruffled Foretop he in order tugs
And thus accosts her, 'Madam, methinks the Weather
'Is grown much more serene since you came hither;
'You influence the Heavens, and should the Sun
'Withdraw himself to see his Rays outdone,
'Your luminaries would supply the Morn,
'And make a Day before the Day be born.'
With Mouth screw'd up and awkward winking Eyes,
And breast thrust forward: 'Lord, Sir!' she replies,
'It is your goodness, and not my deserts,
'Which makes you show your Learning, Wits and Parts.'
He, puzzled, bites his Nails, both to display
The Sparkling Ring, and think what's next to say,
And thus breaks out afresh: 'Madam, I gad,
'Your Luck last Night at Cards was mighty bad,
'At Cribbridge Fifty nine, and the next shew,
'To make your Game, and yet to want those Two:
'God damn me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
'If in my Life I saw the like before.'

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II

Younger Sons

Some warlike Men were now got to the Throng,
 With Hair ty'd back, singing a bawdy Song:
 Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
 And 'twas my Chance to know the dreadful Crew:
 They were Cadets, that seldom did appear,
 Damn'd to the Stint of Thirty Pounds a Year,
 With Hawk on Fist, or Greyhound led in hand,
 They Dog and Foot-boy sometimes do command;
 But, now having trim'd a Leash of spavin'd Horse,
 With three hard-pincht-for Guineas in their Purse
 Two rusty Pistols, scarfe about the Arse,
 Coat lin'd with Red, they here presum'd to swell;
 This goes for Captain, that for Collonel:
 Ev'n so Bear-Garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,
 No longer is a Jackanapes accounted,
 But is, by virtue of his Trumpery, then
 Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman.

10

Epigram on Charles II

We have a pritty witty king
 And whose word no man relys on:
 He never said a foolish thing,
 And never did a wise one.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

From *A Satyr Against Mankind*

I

Man and Reason

Were I (who to my cost already am
One of those strange prodigious Creatures Man)
A Spirit free, to choose for my own share,
What Case of Flesh, and Blood, I pleas'd to weare,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear.
Or any thing but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
The senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A sixth, to contradict the other Five;
And before certain instinct, will preferr
Reason, which Fifty times for one does err.
Reason, an *Ignis fatuus*, in the Mind,
Which leaving light of Nature, sense behind;
Pathless and dang'rous wandring ways it takes,
Through errors, Fenny-Boggs, and Thorny Brakes;
Whilst the misguided follower, climbs with pain,
Mountains of Whimseys, heap'd in his own Brain:
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls head-long down,
Into doubt's boundless Sea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up awhile, and makes him try,
To swim with Bladders of Philosophy;
In hopes still t'oretake the'escaping light,

10

20

The Vapour dances in his dazled sight,
Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
Then Old Age, and experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful, and so long,
That all his Life he has been in the wrong;
Huddled in dirt, the reas'ning Engine lyes,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise.

30

II

Man and the Beasts

Be Judge your self, I'le bring it to the test,
Which is the basest Creature Man, or Beast?
Birds feed on Birds, Beasts, on each other prey,
But Savage Man alone does Man, betray:
Prest by necessity, they Kill for Food,
Man undoes Man, to do himself no good.
With Teeth, and Claws by Nature arm'd they hunt,
Nature's allowances, to supply their want.
But Man, with smiles, embraces, Friendships, praise,
Unhumanely his Fellow's life betrays;
With voluntary pains, works his distress,
Not through necessity but wantonness.
For hunger or for Love they fight, or tear,
Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for fear;
For fear he armes, and is of Armes afraid,
By fear to fear successively betray'd,
Base fear, the source whence his best passions came,
His boasted Honor, and his dear bought Fame.
That lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave:

10

20

To which his various Projects are design'd,
Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind.
For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
And screws his actions, in a forc'd disguise:
Leading a tedious life in Misery,
Under laborious, mean Hypocrisie.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

Song

Dorinda's sparkling wit, and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

To Dorinda

Tell me, Dorinda, why so gay,
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dresses find a way,
To stop th'approaches of decay
And mend a ruin'd face.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
Still ogle in the ring?
Canst thou forget thy age and pox?
Can all that shines in shells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

10

So have I seen in larder dark
Of veal a lucid loin;
Replete with many a brilliant spark,
As wise philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.

To the Same

Proud with the Spoils of royal Cully,
With false Pretence to Wit and Parts,
She swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
To try the Tempers of Men's Hearts.

Tho' she appears as glitt'ring fine
As Gems, and Jests and Paints can make her;
She ne'er can win a Breast like mine;
The Devil and Sir David take her.

To Mr. Edward Howard on his Plays

Thou damn'd Antipodes to Common Sense,
Thou Foil to Flecknoe, prythee tell from whence
Does all this mighty stock of Dulnes spring?
Is it thy own, or hast it from Snow-hill,
Assisted by some Ballad-making Quill?

No, they fly higher yet, thy Plays are such,
I'd swear they were translated out of Dutch.
Fain would I know what Diet thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
Sure hasty-pudding is thy chiefest Dish
With Bullock's Liver, or some stinking Fish:
Garbage, Ox-cheeks and Tripes do feast thy Brain,
Which nobly pays this tribute back again.
With Daisy-roots thy dwarfish Muse is fed,
A Giant's Body with a Pygmy's Head.
Canst thou not find among thy num'rous Race
Of Kindred, one to tell thee that thy Plays
Are laugh'd at by the Pit, Box, Galleries, nay, Stage?
Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy Body made for Labour, not thy Mind.
No other use of Paper thou should'st make,
Than carrying loads and Reams upon thy Back,
Carry vast Burthens till thy Shoulders shrink,
But curst be he that gives thee Pen and Ink:
Such dang'rous Weapons shou'd be kept from Fools
As Nurses from their Children keep Edg'd-tools:
For thy dull Fancy a Muckinder is fit
To wipe the Slabberings of thy snotty Wit:
And though 'tis late, if Justice could be found,
Thy Plays like blind-born Puppies should be drown'd.
For were it not that we Respect afford
Unto the Son of an heroic Lord,
Thine in the Ducking-stool shou'd take her Seat,
Drest like her self in a great Chair of State;
Where, like a Muse of Quality she'd die,
And thou thyself shalt make her Elegy,
In the same strain thou writ's thy comedy.

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JOHN OLDHAM

From *A Satyr address'd to a Friend that is about to leave the University,
and come abroad in the World.*

If you for Orders, and a Gown design,
Consider only this, dear Friend of mine,
The Church is grown so overstock'd of late. }
That if you walk abroad, you hardly meet }
More Porters now than Parsons in the street. }
At every Corner they are forc'd to ply
For Jobs of hawking Divinity:
And half the number of the Sacred Herd
Are fain to stroll, and wander unprefer'd:
If this, or thoughts of such a weighty Charge
Make you resolve to keep your self at large; 10
For want of better opportunity,
A School must your next Sanctuary be:
Go, wed some Grammar-Bridewell, and a Wife,
And there beat Greek, and Latin for your life:
With birchen Scepter there command at will,
Greater than Busby's self, or Doctor Gill:
But who would be to the vile Drudg'ry bound
Where there so small encouragement is found?
Where you for recompence of all your pains
Shall hardly reach a common Fidler's gains? 20
For when you've toil'd, and labour'd all you can,
To dung, and cultivate a barren Brain:
A Dancing-Master shall be better paid,
Tho he instructs the Heels, and you the Head:
To such Indulgence are kind Parents grown,

That nought costs less in breeding than a Son:
Nor is it hard to find a Father now,
Shall more upon a Setting-dog allow:
And with a freer hand reward the Care
Of training up his Spaniel, than his Heir.

30

Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
If they light in some noble Family:
Diet, an Horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides th' advantage of his Lordships ear,
The credit of the business, and the State,

Are things that in a Youngster's Sense sound great.

Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,

What slavery he oft must undergo:

Who tho in silken Scarf, and Cassock drest,

Wears but a gayer Livery at best:

When Dinner calls, the Implement must wait

With holy Words to consecrate the Meat:

But hold it for a Favour seldom known,

If he be deign'd the Honor to sit down.

Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir Crape, withdraw!

Those Dainties are not for a spiritual Maw:

Observe your distance, and be sure to stand

Hard by the Cistern with your Cap in hand:

There for diversion you may pick your Teeth,

Till the kind Voider comes for your Relief:

For meer Board-wages such their Freedom sell,

Slaves to an Hour, and Vassals to a Bell:

And if th' enjoyment of one day be stole,

They are but Pris'ners out upon Parole:

Always the marks of slavery remain,

And they, tho loose, still drag about their Chain.

And where's the mighty Prospect after all,

A Chaplainship serv'd up, and seven years Thrall?

The menial thing perhaps for a Reward

Is to some slender Benefice preferr'd,

40

50

60

With this Proviso bound, that he must wed
My ladies antiquated Waiting-Maid,
In Dressing only skill'd, and Marmalade. }
In Dressing only skill'd, and Marmalade.

Let others who such meannesses can brook,
Strike Countenance to every Great Man's Look:
Let those that have a mind, turn slaves to eat,
And live contented by another's Plate:
I rate my Freedom higher, nor will I
For Food and Rayment truck my Liberty.
But, if I must to my last shifts be put,
To fill a Bladder, and twelve yards of Gut;
Rather with counterfeited wooden Leg,
And my right Arm tied up, I'll chuse to beg:
I'll rather chuse to starve at large, than be
The gawdiest Vassal to Dependency,

'T has ever been the top of my Desires,
The utmost height to which my wish aspires,
That Heav'n would bless me with a small Estate,
Where I might find a close obscure retreat;
There, free from Noise, and all ambitious ends,
Enjoy a few choice Books, and fewer Friends,
Lord of my self, accountable to none,
But to my Conscience, and my God alone:
There live unthought of, and unheard of, die,
And grudge Mankind my very memory.
But since the Blessing is (I find) too great
For me to wish for, or expect of Fate:
Yet, maugre all the spight of Destiny,
My thoughts, and Actions are, and shall be free.

70

80

TRANSLATIONS

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

The Eighth Ode of the Second Book of Horace

Did any Punishment attend
Thy former Perjuries,
I should believe a second time,
Thy charming Flatteries:
Did but one Wrinkle mark this Face,
Or hadst thou lost one single Grace.

No sooner hast thou, with false Vows,
Provok'd the Powers above;
But thou art fairer than before,
And we are more in love.

10

Thus Heaven and Earth seem to declare,
They pardon Falshood in the Fair.

Sure 'tis no Crime vainly to swear,
By every Power on high,
And call our bury'd Mother's Ghost
A Witness to the Lye:
Heaven at such Perjury connives,
And Venus with a smile forgives.

The Nymphs and cruel Cupid too,
Sharp'ning his pointed Dart
On an old Hone, besmear'd with Blood,
Forbear thy perjur'd Heart.

20

Fresh Youth grows up, to wear thy Chains,
And the old Slave no Freedom gains.

Thee Mothers for their eldest Sons,
Thee wretched Misers fear,
Lest thy prevailing Beauty should
Seduce the hopeful Heir:
New-marry'd Virgins fear thy Charms
Should keep their Bridegroom from their Arms.

30

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

Upon Drinking in a Bowl

From the Greek of Anacreon

Vulcan, contrive me such a Cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
Show all thy Skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack
Up to the swelling Brim,
Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea, may swim.

Engrave not Battel on his Cheek;
With War I've nought to do:
I'm none of those that took Mastrick;
Nor Yarmouth Leaguer knew.

10

Let it no name of Planets tell,
Fixt Stars, or Constellations:

For I am no Sir Sindrophel,
Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine;
Then add two lovely Boys;
Their Limbs in amorous Folds intwine,
The Type of future Joys.

20

Cupid and Bacchus my Saints are;
May Drink and Love still reign:
With Wine I wash away my Cares,
And then to Love again.

*The Latter End of the Chorus of the Second Act of
Seneca's Troas, Translated*

After Death nothing is, and nothing Death;
The utmost Limits of a gasp of Breath.
Let the ambitious Zealot lay aside
His hopes of Heav'n; (whose Faith is but his Pride)
Let slavish Souls lay by their Fear,
Nor be concern'd which way or where,
After this life they shall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the Lumber of the World;
And to that Mass of Matter shall be swept,
Where things destroy'd, with things unborn are kept; 10
Devouring time swallows us whole,
Impartial Death confounds Body and Soul.
For Hell, and the foul Fiend that rules
 The everlasting fiery Gaols,
Devis'd by Rogues, dreaded by Fools
With his grim griesly Dog that keeps the Door,
 Are senseless Stories, idle Tales,
Dreams, Whimseys, and no more.

JOHN OLDHAM

From the Latin of Catullus

Nay, Lesbia, never ask me this,
How many Kisses will suffice?
Faith, 'tis a question hard to tell.
Exceeding hard, for you as well
May ask what sums of Gold suffice
The greedy Miser's boundless Wish:
Think what drops the Ocean store,
With all the Sands that make its Shore:
Think what Spangles deck the Skies,
When Heaven looks with all its Eyes,
Or think how many Atoms came
To compose this mighty Frame,
Let all these the Counters be,
To tell how oft I'm kiss'd by thee:
Till no malicious Spy can guess
To what vast height the scores arise;
Till weak Arithmetick grow scant,
And numbers for the reck'ning want:
All these will hardly be enough
For me stark staring mad with Love.

10

20

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON

On the Day of Judgment (Dies Irae)

From the Latin

The Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial Faults to find.

The last loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound,
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

Nature and Death shall, with Surprise
Behold the pale Offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.

10

Then shall, with universal Dread,
The sacred Mystic Book be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

The Judge ascends his awful Throne,
He makes each secret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confess their own.

O then! What Interest shall I make,
To save my last important Stake,
When the most Just have cause to quake?

20

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,
Some comfortable Pity bring!

Forget not what thy Ransom cost,
Nor let thy dear-bought Soul be lost,
In Storms of guilty Terror tost.

Thou who for me did feel such Pain,
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,
Let not those Agonies be vain.

30

Thou whom avenging Powers obey,
Cancel my Debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting Day.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: Accept my Tears.

Thou who wer't mov'd with Mary's Grief,
And, by absolving of the Thief,
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

Reject not my unworthy Pray'r,
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

40

Give my exalted Soul a Place
Among thy chosen Right-hand Race;
The Sons of God, the Heirs of Grace.

From that insatiable Abyss,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliss.

Prostrate, my contrite Heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in the End.

Well may they curse their second Breath,
Who rise at a reviving Death,
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let guilty Man compassion find.

50

PHILOSOPHIC AND RELIGIOUS POETRY

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

Upon Nothing

Nothing ! thou Elder Brother ev'n to Shade,
That hadst a Being e're the World was made,
And (well fixt) art alone, of ending not afraid.

E're time and place were, time and place were not,
When Primitive Nothing something strait begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What?

Something, the Gen'ral Attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole Original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet something did thy mighty Pow'r command, 10
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand,
Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Water, Air and Land.

Matter, the wicked'st off-spring of thy Race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

With Form, and Matter, Time and Place did joyn,
Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruine all thy Line.

But turn-Coat Time assists the Foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, destroys their short-liv'd Reign,
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.

20

Tho' Mysteries are Barr'd from Laick Eyes,
And the Divine alone, with Warrant, pryes
Into thy Bosom, where the truth in private lies.

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the Wicked wisely pray.

Great Negative, how vainly would the Wise,
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies.

30

Is, or is not, the two great Ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect, or destroy, the vast designs of Fate.

When they have rack'd the Politician's Breast,
Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

But, Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That Sacred Monarchs should at Council sit,
With Persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains,
From Princes Coffers, and from States-Men's Brains,
And Nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

40

Nothing who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
For whom they rev'rend Shapes, and Forms devise,
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they like thee look wise.

French Truth, Dutch Prowess, Brittish Policy,
Hibernian Learning, Scotch Civility,
Spaniards' Dispatch, Danes' Wit, are mainly seen in thee.

The great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
Kings' Promises, Whores' Vows, tow'rd thee they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

50

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

To Quintus

Thou art an Atheist, Quintus, and a Wit,
Thinkst all was of self-moving Attoms made,
Religion only for the Vulgar fit,
Priests Rogues, and Preaching their deceitful Trade;
Wilt drink, whore, fight, blaspheme, damn, curse and swear:
Why wilt thou swear by God if there be none?
And if there be, thou shou'dst his Vengeance fear:
Methinks this Huffing might be let alone;
'Tis thou art free, Mankind besides a Slave,
And yet a Whore may lead thee by the Nose,
A Drunken Bottle and a flatt'ring Knave,
A mighty Prince, Slave to thy dear Soul's Foes,
Thy Lust, thy Rage, Ambition and thy Pride;
He that serves God, need nothing serve beside.

10

EDMUND WALLER

Of the last Verses in the Book

When we for Age cou'd neither Read nor Write,
The Subject made us able to indite.
The Soul with Nobler Resolutions deckt,
The Body stooping, does Herself erect:
No Mortal Parts are requisite to raise
Her, that Unbody'd can her Maker praise.

The Seas are quiet, when the Winds give o'er
So calm are we, when Passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting Things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of Affection from our younger Eyes
Conceal that Emptiness, which Age despises.

10

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made.
Stronger by Weakness, Wiser Men become
As they draw near to their Eternal Home:
Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the Threshold of the New.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

The Salutation

These little Limmes,
These Eys and Hands which here I find,
These rosie Cheeks wherwith my Life begins,
Where have ye been? Behind
What Curtain were ye from me hid so long!
Where was? in what Abyss, my Speaking Tongue?

When silent I
So many thousand thousand yeers,
Beneath the Dust did in a Chaos lie,
How could I Smiles or Tears,
Or Lips or Hands or Eys or Ears perceiv?
Welcom ye Treasures which I now receiv.

I that so long
Was Nothing from Eternitie,
Did little think such Joys as Ear or Tongue,
To Celebrat or See:
Such Sounds to hear, such Hands to feel, such Feet,
Beneath the Skies, on such a Ground to meet.

New Burnisht Joys!
Which yellow Gold and Pearl excell!
Such sacred Treasures are the Lims in Boys,
In which a Soul doth Dwell;
Their Organiz'd Joynts, and Azure Veins
More Wealth include, then all the World contains.

10

20

From Dust I rise,
And out of Nothing now awake,
These Brighter Regions which salute mine Eys,
A Gift from God I take.
The Earth, the Seas, the Light, the Day, the Skies,
The Sun and Stars are mine, if those I prize. 30

Long time before
I in my Mother's Womb was born,
A God preparing did this Glorious Store,
The World for me adorne.
Into this Eden so Divine and fair,
So Wide and Bright, I com his Son and Heir.

A Stranger here
Strange Things doth meet, Strange Glories See;
Strange Treasures lodg'd in this fair World appear,
Strange all, and New to me. 40
But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
That Strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

News

News from a forein Country came,
As if my Treasures and my Joys lay there;
So much it did my Heart enflame,
'Twas wont to call my Soul into mine Ear;
Which thither went to meet 5
Th' approaching Sweet,
And on the Threshold stood
To entertain the secret Good;
It hover'd there
As if 'twoud leav mine Ear,

5

10

And was so eager to embrace
Th' expected Tidings, as they came,
That it could change its dwelling-place
To meet the voice of Fame.

As if new Tidings were the Things 15
Which did comprise my wished unknown Treasure,
Or els did bear them on their wings,
With so much Joy they came, with so much Pleasure,
My Soul stood at the Gate
To recreate 20
It self with Bliss, and woo
Its speedier Approach; a fuller view
It fain would take,
Yet journeys back would make
Unto my Heart, as if 'twoud fain
Go out to meet, yet stay within,
Fitting a place to entertain
And bring the Tidings in.

What Sacred Instinct did inspire
My Soul in Childhood with an hope so strong? 30
What secret Force mov'd my Desire
T' expect my Joys beyond the Seas, so yong?
Felicity I knew
Was out of view;
And being left alone,
I thought all Happiness was gon 35
From Earth: for this
I long'd-for absent Bliss,
Deeming that sure beyond the Seas,
Or els in somthing near at hand
Which I knew not, since nought did pleas
I knew, my Bliss did stand. 40

But little did the Infant dream
That all the Treasures of the World were by,
And that himself was so the Cream
And Crown of all which round about did ly.

45

Yet thus it was! The Gem,
The Diadem,
The Ring enclosing all
That stood upon this Earthen Ball; 50
The hev'ly Ey,
Much wider than the Sky,
Wherein thay All included were;
The Lov, the Soul, that was the King
Made to possess them, did appear
A very little Thing.

55

From *Thanksgivings for the Body*

Blessed be thy holy Name,
O Lord, my God!
For ever blessed be thy holy Name,
For that I am made
The work of thy hands,
Curiously wrought
By thy divine Wisdom,
Enriched
By the Goodness,
Being more thine 10
Than I am mine own.
O Lord!

10

Thou has given me a Body,
Wherein the glory of thy Power shineth,
Wonderfully composed above the Beasts,
Within distinguished into useful parts,

Beautified without with many Ornaments.

Limbs rarely poised,
And made for Heaven:

Arteries filled
With celestial Spirits:
Veins, wherein Blood floweth,
Refreshing all my flesh,
Like Rivers,
Sinews fraught with the mystery,
Of wonderful Strength,
Stability,
Feeling.

O blessed be thy glorious Name!

That thou hast made it,

A Treasury of Wonders,

Fit for its several Ages:

For Dissections,

For Sculptures in Brass,

For Draughts in Anatomy,

For the Contemplation of the Sages;

Whose inward parts,

Enshrined in thy Libraries,

Are the Amazement of the Learned,

The Admirations of Kings and Queens

The Joy of Angels,

The Organs of my Soul,

The Wonder of Cherubims.

Those blinder parts of refined Earth,

Beneath my Skin;

Are full of thy Depths,

For many thousand Uses,

Hidden Operations,

Unsearchable Offices.

[hast endowed

But for the diviner Treasures wherewith thou

My Brains, mine Eyes,

20

30

40

50

My Heart, mine Ears,
My Tongue, My Hands,
O what Praises are due unto thee,
Who hast made me
A living Inhabitant
Of the great World
And the Centre of it!
A sphere of Sense,
And a mine of Riches,

60

Which, when Bodies are dissected, fly away.

The spacious Room
Which thou hast hidden in mine Eye,
The Chambers for Sounds
Which thou hast prepar'd in mine Ear,
Which thou
The Receptacles for Smells
Concealed in my Nose;
The feeling of my Hands,
The taste of my Tongue,
But above all, O Lord, the Glory of Speech,

whereby thy Servant is enabled with
Praise to celebrate thee.

70

JOHN NORRIS

The Complaint of Adam turn'd out of Paradise

And must I go and must I be no more
The Tenant of this happy ground
Can no reserves of pity me restore,
Can no attonement of my stay compound?
All the rich Odours that here grow I'd give
To Heaven in Incense, might I here but live

101

Or if it be a Grace too high
To live in Eden, let me here but dye.

Fair place, thy sweets I just began to know,
And must I leave thee now again?

10

Ah why does Heaven such short-liv'd Bliss bestow?
A taste of pleasure, but full draught of pain.
I ask not to be chief in this blest state,
Let Heaven some other for that place create.

So 'tis in Eden, let me but have
An under-gardiner's place, 'tis all I crave.

But 'twill not do, I see, I must away,
My feet profane this sacred ground;
Stay then, bright Minister, one Minute stay,
Let me in Eden take one farewell round.
Let me go gather but one fragrant Bough
Which, as a Relique, I may keep and shew;
Fear not the Tree of Life; it were
A Curse to be immortal, and not here.

20

'Tis done; now farewell thou most happy place,
Farewell ye streams that softly creep,
I ne're again in you shall view my face,
Farewell ye Bowers, in you I ne're shall sleep,
Farewell ye Trees, ye flow'ry beds farewell,
You ne're shall bless my taste, nor you my smell.
Farewell thou Guardian divine,
To thee, my happy Rival, I resign.

30

O whither now, whither shall I repair
Exil'd from this Angelic coast?
There's nothing left that's pleasant, good or fair,
The World can't recompence for Eden lost.
'Tis true, I've here a Universal sway,
The Creatures me as their chief Lord obey;

But yet the World tho' all my Seat,
Can't make me happy, tho' it make me great.

40

Had I lost lesser and but seeming Bliss,
Reason my sorrows might relieve,
But when the loss great and substantial is,
To think is but to see good cause to grieve.
'Tis well I'm mortal, 'tis well I shortly must
Lose all the thoughts of Eden in the dust.
Senseless and thoughtless now I'd be,
I'd lose even my self, since I've lost thee.

Canticle

'Twas my Beloved spake,
I know his charming Voice, I heard him say,
Rise up my Love, my fairest one awake,
Awake and come away.

The Winter all is past
And stormy Winds that with such rudeness blew,
The Heavens are no longer overcast,
But try to look like you.

The Flowers their Sweets display,
The Birds in short praeludiums tune their throat,
The Turtle in low murmurs does essay
Her melancholy Note.

The Fruitful Vineyards make
An odorous Smell, the Fig looks fresh and gay,
Arise my Love, my fairest one awake,
Awake and come away.

10

JOHN BUNYAN

The Shepherd Boy's Song in the Valley of Humiliation

He that is down, needs fear no fall,
He that is low no Pride:
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his Guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much:
And, Lord, Contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on Pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter Bliss,
Is best from Age to Age.

The Pilgrim Song

Who would true Valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will Constant be,
Come Wind, come Weather.
There's no Discouragement,
Shall make him once Relent,
His first avow'd Intent
To be a Pilgrim.

Who so beset him round,
With dismal Storys.
Do but themselves Confound;
His Strength the more is.
No Lyon can him fright,
He'l with a Gyant Fight,
But he will have a right,
To be a Pilgrim.

10

Hobgoblin, nor Foul Fiend,
Can daunt his Spirit:
He knows, he at the end,
Shall Life Inherit.
Then Fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say,
He'll labour Night and Day,
To be a Pilgrim.

20

My Little Bird

My little Bird, how canst thou sit;
And sing amidst so many Thorns!
Let me but hold upon thee get,
My Love with Honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth;
Five farthings none will give for thee.
But prethee little Bird come forth,
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true, it is Sun-shine to day,
To morrow Birds will have a Storm;
My pretty one, come thou away,
My Bosom then shall keep thee warm.

10

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
When darkness is thy covering;
At days thy danger's great by Kites,
How canst thou then sit there and sing?

Thy food is scarce and scanty too,
'Tis Worms and Trash which thou dost eat;
Thy present state I pity do,
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

20

I'll feed thee with white Bread and Milk,
And Sugar-plumbs, if them thou crave;
I'll cover thee with finest Silk,
That from the cold I may thee save.

My Father's Palace shall be thine,
Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing;
My little Bird, if thou'l be mine,
The whole year round shall be thy Spring.

I'll teach thee all the Notes at Court;
Unthought of Musick thou shalt play;
And all that thither do resort
Shall praise thee for it ev'ry day.

30

I'll keep thee safe with Cat and Cur,
No manner o'harm shall come to thee;
Yea, I will be thy Succourer,
My Bosom shall thy Cabbin be.

But lo, behold, the Bird is gone:
These Charmings would not make her yield:
The Child's left at the Bush alone,
The Bird flies yonder o'er the Field.

40

COMMENTARY AND NOTES

PANEGYRIC AND COMPLIMENTARY POETRY

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687): LIFE

Waller was the son of a wealthy Buckinghamshire squire and was related both to John Hampden and to Oliver Cromwell. Educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, he entered the House of Commons at the age of eighteen. In the reign of Charles I he was a member of the distinguished group which gathered round Lord Falkland. In Parliament he made a reputation as an eloquent speaker, and, after the outbreak of the Civil War, was involved in a plot on behalf of the King. The plot was discovered by the Parliamentary leaders and Waller only succeeded in saving his life by the payment of a large fine. He went into exile to France but his banishment was revoked and he returned to London in 1651 and enjoyed the favour of his kinsman, the Lord Protector. At the Restoration he joined the chorus of courtly congratulation to the King and was prominent both in literary and Parliamentary circles till his death at the age of eighty-one in the reign of James II.

POETRY

Waller's poetry enjoyed a high reputation in his lifetime and through the eighteenth century. He was regarded by the Augustans as their chief forerunner, who 'refined our language' and 'reformed our numbers'. It was his work in the couplet which they admired, and in the handling of this metre, both Dryden and Pope owed much to him. Like his friend and contemporary, Cowley, he was a poet with two manners. His lyrics are pretty, rather attenuated examples of the late Cavalier school; his poetry in the couplet, however, represents a real development in the 'polite' tradition of easily flowing and intelligent discourse in verse; Goldsmith praised him for his 'strength of thinking' and a more recent critic has called him 'a minor Renaissance poet and a major Augustan poet'.

15. *From A PANEGYRICK TO MY LORD PROTECTOR:* Two editions of this poem appeared in 1665. An extant letter from Cromwell to Waller,

dated 13 June 1655, shows that the Protector had received a copy of the poem by that date.

1.17. *The Sea's our own*: In the year 1655 Cromwell's vigorous foreign policy supported by the fleet under the command of Blake had scored notable successes. As C. H. Firth writes 'Even Englishmen who were not Puritans felt proud to see the country, under his guidance, assert the sovereignty of the seas, punish the pirates of the Mediterranean, and defend the oppressed' (C. H. Firth, *Oliver Cromwell* [1900], p. 379).

18. TO THE KING UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN: Charles II is said to have asked Waller why this poem was inferior to his *Panegyrick* on Cromwell. Waller's witty reply was: 'Sire, we poets never succeed so well in writing truth as in fiction'. The extract given in the text consists of the first fifty of the hundred and twenty lines of the complete poem. The remainder is merely the prolongation of the string of ingenious and often fulsome compliments. Seventeenth-century monarchs were used to flattery but Charles must have been staggered to find himself compared in ll.89-194 to Job and Christ:

Thus Patience Crown'd, Like Job's Trouble ends,
Having your Foes to pardon and your Friends:
For, tho' your Courage were so firm as Rock,
What private Virtue cou'd endure the Shock?
Like your great Master, you the Storm withstood,
And pity'd those who Love with Frailty shew'd.

1.16. *Hester*: See *Esther*, V, 1.2.

1.17. *the revolted Sea*: a reference to the fact that the Navy took the Parliamentary side in the Civil War, and also possibly to Blake's naval victories under the Protectorate.

1.19. *Polipheme*: the one-eyed giant blinded by Odysseus in Homer's *Odyssey*. See *Odyssey*, IX, 400 seq.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667): LIFE

Cowley was born in 1618, the son of a London grocer. Educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, he was a precocious versifier, publishing his first collection of poems in 1633 while he was still at school. He wrote a comedy when he was at Trinity and became a Fellow of the College but was ejected by the Puritans in 1643 and migrated to Oxford. On the defeat of the royalists, he went into exile with the Court, to which he was attached as secretary to Lord Jermyn. His collection of love poems, written in imitation of Donne, called *The Mistress* appeared in 1643. Like Waller, he made his peace with the Protector and returned to England in

1654, when he studied medicine at Oxford, and, in 1656, published a volume containing his 'Pindarique' odes and his biblical epic, the unfinished *Davideis*. This volume included his ode to Hobbes, the philosopher, whom he had met in Paris. He died in 1667 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

POETRY

Cowley was an extremely versatile writer. He is at once a late Metaphysical and an early Augustan. He is seen at his worst in his attempts to write 'witty' love poetry in the manner of Donne and at his best in his light verse, his prose essays and some of his elegies and odes, notably in those on Hobbes and the Royal Society, which reflect his keen interest in contemporary philosophy and science.

20. TO MR HOBS: Thomas Hobbes (or Hobs) of Malmesbury (1588-1679) was sixty-eight when this ode was published. His most famous work, *Leviathan*, had appeared in 1651 and had caused a sensation in the learned society of the day, evoking both high praise and bitter hostility. For Cowley, as for many others, his work seemed a great liberating influence, freeing men's minds from enslavement to medieval obscurantism (called by Hobbes 'the kingdom of darkness') and heralding a new age of enlightenment.

1.17. *The Stagirite*: Aristotle, who was born at Stagira in Macedonia. In the following lines Cowley sketches the long duration of Aristotle's 'universal intellectual reign' from the time of his pupil and contemporary, Alexander the Great (the emblem of whose 'short liv'd' empire in the Book of Daniel was a leopard with four wings), through the period of the Roman Empire (the 'stronger Roman Eagle') and then among the Arabs of the early Middle Ages ('in spite of Mahomet', whose religion forbade 'all studies of learning' outside the Koran). The 'noble empire' of Aristotle's philosophy is said to have 'perish'd quite at last' in the hands of the Schoolmen, or scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages, who were (unjustly) regarded in the seventeenth century as mere word-spinners and writers of barbarous Latin.

1.71. *The Trojan Hero*: Aeneas. See *Aeneid*, VIII, 625-731.

•

LOVE POEMS

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER (1647-1680): LIFE

Rochester was the son of a distinguished Cavalier general, created Earl of Rochester by Charles I. Educated at Wadham College, Oxford, he travelled in France and Italy after leaving the university, and returned to England in the winter of 1669, when he appeared at Court and soon gained a reputation

for wit, profanity and dissipation. He served as a volunteer with the fleet in the Dutch war of 1665-1666, and, in 1667, married a beautiful heiress, whom he had previously tried to abduct. Soon after his marriage he was appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II, who enjoyed his conversation but banished him more than once from the court because of his outspoken satires on the King. On one of these occasions he disguised himself as an Italian quack doctor and practised on Tower Hill under the name of Alexander Bendo. His health declined in the late sixteen seventies, and in the winter of 1679-1680, he surprised his friends by engaging in a series of conversations on religion with a Scottish clergyman, Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. He collapsed when visiting his wife's estates in Somerset in the spring of 1680 and was brought back to his favourite residence, the High Lodge at Woodstock, where, after a dramatic conversion to Christianity, he died on 26 July.

POETRY

Rochester is the one major poet among the Restoration Court Wits. His reputation, like that of Marlowe before him and Byron after him, has suffered from the blaze of notoriety that surrounded his life and character. A handful of his love songs, are, as F. R. Leavis has noted, 'peculiarly individual utterances', perhaps the most individual utterances in the English lyric till the time of Blake. As a satirist, Rochester must be ranked as the first of the great Augustans. Before Dryden had written any verse satire, Rochester had produced work in the couplet characterized by the masculine vigour, the fierce moral indignation and the penetrating social realism associated with best Augustan satiric poetry. He is more akin to Swift and Pope than to Dryden and has an important place in the 'line of wit' that extends from Butler and Marvell to the eighteenth-century masters.

27. SONG FROM VALENTINIAN: this song is from Act IV, scene 2 of Rochester's rehandling of Fletcher's tragedy, *Valentinian*, published after his death in 1685. It suggests a group of baroque statuary by such a sculptor as Bernini whose work was well known at the Restoration Court.

28. AN INVITATION: this poem is from the MSS in Rochester's autograph in the Portland Collection in the University of Nottingham Library. It has no title in the MS but is obviously addressed to an actress, possibly Elizabeth Barry, the great tragic actress, whom Rochester trained for the stage and who became his mistress.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1701): LIFE

Sir Charles Sedley was the son of a wealthy Kentish baronet and the

grandson of Sir Henry Savile, the great Elizabethan scholar. Educated at Wadham College, Oxford, he succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his elder brother in 1656. In the following year he married Katherine Savage, who later became insane and was separated from him. After the Restoration he became a prominent member of the 'merry gang' at Court, and in 1663 took part in a wild frolic at the Cock Tavern in Covent Garden in company with Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset. He collaborated with Buckhurst and others in a translation of *La Mort de Pompée* by P. Corneille which was staged in 1663 and in 1668 his original comedy *The Mulberry Garden* was produced at Drury Lane. His daughter Katherine became the mistress of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II, who, on his accession to the throne, created her Countess of Dorchester. Like his friend Dorset, Sedley supported William and Mary at the Revolution and he was a frequent and vigorous speaker in the Commons in the reign of William III.

POETRY

Most of Sedley's poetry is the product of the convention of courtly gallantry which was a still-living part of aristocratic culture in Restoration England. The traditional symbolism for this kind of love-lyric was that of the pastoral, which had lost the imaginative grandeur with which it had been invested at the Renaissance, but, at its best, had the grace and delicacy of rococo art. It always ran the risk of lapsing into mere prettiness and insipidity. Sedley did not always avoid this danger but his best lyrics have a musical sweetness and a charming ballet-like quality combined with a wit and an irony which keep them free from insipidity. In one fine lyric a more individual note is heard:

Not, *Celia* that I better am
Or juster than the rest . . .

There is a directness and simplicity here that suggest a human situation rather than an erotic game. Sedley could write also in a more masculine style than that of his love-lyrics. His version of the eighth Ode of the Second book of Horace (see p. 85) has a controlled strength worthy of the Latin and a similar quality is found in a series of adaptations of Martial's 'Epigrams' which he made towards the end of his life. In one of these (see p. 94) he uses what, in the Restoration period, was the rare form of the Shakespearian sonnet, and, in this poem, he shows that he is capable of criticizing the world of courtly libertinism, though his criticism lacks the fire and passion of Rochester.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE (?1634-1692): LIFE

Etherege probably spent part of his early life in France, where his father

died in 1649. He was apprenticed to a London attorney in 1653 and seems to have made the acquaintance of Lord Buckhurst as a result of the success of his first play, the *Comical Revenge* staged in 1664. About this time he became a prominent member of the circle of Court Wits. His second comedy, *She Wou'd If She Cou'd* was produced in February 1668, and in August he went to Constantinople as secretary to the British Ambassador. He was back in London in 1671 and his third and best comedy *The Man of Mode* was produced with great success in March 1674. In 1679 he was knighted and went to Ratisbon (Regensburg) as British Envoy to the Diet of the Empire. At the Revolution he remained faithful to James II and fled to Paris in 1688 where he died four years later.

POETRY

Etherege's reputation rests on his three comedies but he was also an accomplished writer of graceful light verse which, in the words of John Palmer, has 'a worldly simplicity captivating from its entire lack of self-consciousness'. The attractive cadences and gay lilting movement of his songs probably owe much to the fact that he was an amateur musician; like the other Court Wits he sometimes made effective use of the racy style and form of popular poetry as he does in the song from his comedy *She Wou'd If She Cou'd*, see p. 65.

APHRA BEHN (1640-1689): LIFE

Mrs Behn was probably the first English woman to earn her living by her pen. The records of her life are scanty and not very well authenticated. She was the daughter of a certain John Amis of Wye in Kent and is said to have spent part of her girlhood in Surinam in South America. She returned to England about 1660 and married a Dutch merchant called Behn who died in 1665. In 1666 Charles II sent her as a secret agent to Antwerp and on her return to England she was imprisoned for debt. After her release she produced numerous plays, some poems and some prose tales, one of which was the famous *Oronoko*, based on her experiences in Surinam.

POETRY

Aphra Behn's best poetry is to be found in the songs in her plays, of which the finest is 'Love Arm'd' (see p. 34) first printed in *Abdelazar or the Moor's Revenge* (1677).

CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687): LIFE

Charles Cotton was born at Beresford Hall in Derbyshire, a fine country

house which belonged to his mother, who inherited it from grandfather Edward Beresford. Cotton's father was a cultivated country gentleman, the friend of Donne, Wotton, Lovelace, Herrick and Clarendon. The younger Cotton was educated by a tutor and read widely in his father's library. In 1655 he travelled on the continent and in 1656 he married his cousin Isabella Hutchinson. His father was extravagant and squandered his estate in lawsuits, and Charles was harassed by creditors throughout his life. In 1670 he went to Ireland in the hope of obtaining service under the Duke of Ormonde. These hopes were not fulfilled and he returned to England and spent most of the rest of his life at Beresford Hall till it was sold to defray his debts. His numerous publications include *Scarronides*, his witty, obscene burlesque of the *Aeneid*, his fine translation of Montaigne's essays and his well-known continuation of *The Compleat Angler*.

POETRY

Cotton has been known chiefly from his contribution to *The Compleat Angler* and his translation of Montaigne. His poetry, which appeared in a volume published in 1689, though it was highly praised by Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb, has been comparatively neglected till the present century when excellent editions of it have been published by John Beresford (1923) and John Buxton (1958). Cotton was a prolific and accomplished writer of verse with an eye for the details of country life unusual in his age. He was one of the few poets between Milton and the end of the eighteenth century to use the sonnet form. His poetry forms a kind of link between the old nature poetry of the young Milton, Marvell and Herrick and the new landscape poets of the eighteenth century such as Thomson and Dyer.

35, 36. SONNETS ON TWO RURAL SISTERS: These are the first two of a series of four sonnets entitled 'Resolution in Four Sonnets of a Poetical Question put to me by a Friend, concerning Four Rural Sisters'.

RICHARD LEIGH (1650-1728): LIFE

Richard Leigh was the second son of Edward Leigh, a cultivated Staffordshire squire. He entered Queen's College, Oxford, at the age of sixteen and took the B.A. degree in 1669. He later acquired the degree of M.D., probably in a foreign university, and practised medicine at Wolverhampton. He published two pamphlets in 1673 which connect him with two of the most distinguished contemporary writers. The first was entitled *The Censure of the Rota on Mr. Dryden's The Conquest of Granada* and the second, *The Transposer Rehearsed*, a reply to Andrew Marvell's *The Rehearsal Transposed*. His Poems on Several Occasions appeared in 1675.

POETRY

A good modern edition of Leigh's Poems with Introduction and Notes by Hugh Macdonald was published in 1947. Macdonald in his Introduction, remarks that Leigh, in his poems, was 'reflective and serious and was clearly attracted by nature in an unusual way'. Leigh himself in his 'Preface to the Reader' modestly compares his poems to 'Monethly Flowers, which look gay, for a little season and please, but while they are fresh, and keep their scent'. Some of them preserve their freshness after three centuries.

THOMAS SHIPMAN (1632-1680): LIFE

Thomas Shipman, the son of a Nottinghamshire gentleman, was born at Scarrington near Newark, where his father possessed an estate. He was educated at Sleaford School and St John's College, Oxford. He was the friend of many contemporary men of letters including Sir John Denham, Thomas Flatman and John Oldham. His play *Henry the Third of France*, a rhyming 'heroic' tragedy, was produced in 1678 and published in the same year.

POETRY

Shipman's poems were published in 1683 in a volume called *Carolina or Loyal Poems*. His verses are lively, unpretentious, witty and sensuous, admirable products of the country-house culture of the period.

39. BEAUTIES PERIPHRAESIS: This poem, dated 1674, belongs to a type that goes back to the Middle Ages, the poem that consists of a catalogue of a lady's charms. This is a kind of poetry that can easily become cloying and insipid but Shipman's poem is saved from these defects by his wit and fresh, sensuous observation.

POEMS OF COUNTRY LIFE AND FRIENDSHIP

CHARLES COTTON

For general notes on Cotton's life and poetry, see p. 112.

43. THE RETIREMENT

l.62. *hotter persecution*: according to tradition Cotton took refuge from his creditors in these caves.

47. EVENING QUATRAINS

l.16. *Polypheme*: see note to Waller's *From To the King, etc.*, l.19, p. 108.

l.22. *Villains Yard*: farmyard. 'Villain' is used in the old sense of villein=peasant.

KATHERINE PHILIPS (1631-1664): LIFE

Mrs Katherine Philips, known to the contemporaries as 'The Matchless Orinda', was born in London and was the daughter of John Fowler, a cloth merchant. Her father died while she was at school at Hackney, and, shortly afterwards, her mother married Sir Richard Phillips, a Welsh baronet. She went to live with her mother and stepfather in South Wales, where she married James Philips of Cardigan, a relative of Sir Richard. At her husband's house, Cardigan Priory, she became the centre of a society that made a cult of Platonic friendship. The members of the society adopted romantic pseudonyms. Katherine's was Orinda and her poems bear witness to her passionate attachment to ladies who called themselves Lucasia (Anne Owen) and Rosania (Mary Aubrey). In 1662 she went to Ireland with Lucasia and her translation of Corneille's *La Mort de Pompée* was produced at Dublin and published in 1663. A pirated edition of her poems appeared in January, 1664, and in the following June she died of smallpox. An authorized and enlarged edition of her poems appeared in 1667.

POETRY

Mrs Philips, like Cotton, was a country-house poet. Like him, she loves retirement but she has none of Cotton's hearty sensuality and eye for the details of the country scene. She can, on occasion, write heroic couplets with a civilized grace and elegance worthy of Waller, but her distinctive work is to be seen in the lyrics which grew out of her romantic friendships with women. In the best of these poems an impressive effect is produced by the use of an almost prosaic diction combined with cadences which have much the charm of those of the love-songs of the Court poets.

50. TO MRS. M.A. UPON ABSENCE: This poem was greatly admired by Keats who copied it out in full from the folio of 1667 in a letter to his friend J. H. Reynolds on 21 September 1817.

l.44. *Leiger*: According to Saintsbury (*Caroline Poets*, ed. G. Saintsbury, 1905, I, 551), this is a seventeenth-century spelling of 'leaguer'=a member of a league (in this case a league of friendship). He adds, however, that 'some dispute the identity of these two ['leiger' and 'leaguer']': and identify 'leiger' in the sense of 'resident', 'stationary', with 'ledger' [This is sense 'B' of the 'ledger' in OED='remaining in a place, resident, permanent, stationary'].

THOMAS SHIPMAN

For general notes on Shipman's life and poetry, see p. 114.

52. THE VIRGIN:

ll.15,16. Her Looks, at Sin and Lust incens'd,
Like Cherubim her Eden fenc'd.

Dryden seems to have remembered these lines when he wrote the following well known couplet in his lines addressed to the Duchess of Ormonde:

Her face is paradise, but fenced from sin;
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubim.

STREET BALLADS AND POPULAR POETRY

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET (1643-1706): LIFE

Charles Sackville, who became Lord Buckhurst when his father inherited the title of Earl of Dorset in 1652, spent a year at Westminster School and then travelled in France and Italy. He returned to England soon after the Restoration and became a prominent member of the 'merry gang' at Court. He collaborated with Sedley and others in the translation of Corneille's *La Mort de Pompée* produced in 1663, and was also associated with Sedley in the escapade at the Cock Tavern in the same year. He served at sea against the Dutch in 1665-1666, and in 1669 became a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II. In 1673 he was created Earl of Middlesex and, in 1677, on the death of his father, became 6th Earl of Dorset. In the Convention Parliament of 1688-1689, he voted in favour of offering the throne to William and Mary and after the Revolution became Lord Chamberlain. He was a generous friend and patron to men of letters, and, when Dryden lost his official appointments at the Revolution, he is said to have compensated him handsomely out of his own purse.

POETRY

Dorset was the least productive of the Court Wits but his small sheaf of poetry has a distinctive quality. His celebrated ballad 'Written at Sea in the first Dutch War' (see p. 54) is an excellent example of the benefit derived by the Restoration Court poets from their contact with the vernacular tradition. It is a true street-ballad written to the traditional tune of Shackerley Hay and we know from Pepys's Diary and the Stationer's Register that it was actually published as a broadside and was a popular hit. In this poem and the ballad, 'A Song on Black Bess', the rhythmical vitality of popular poetry is combined with the sophisticated wit of the courtier producing an effect that remains fresh and sparkling after three centuries. Some of Dorset's most characteristic and original work is seen in the sequence of little poems on 'Dorinda' or Katherine Sedley, three of which are included in this collection

(see pp. 79-80). The character of this bold, witty young woman, the daughter of his friend Sir Charles, seems to have fascinated him and his poems on her represent an unusual fusion of satiric force with a genuine lyrical movement. In these poems and the vigorous couplets of his lampoon on the Hon. Edward Howard (see p. 80) his sharp visualization and sensuous apprehension of ugly and sordid images reveals a new kind of poetic sensibility which was to be notably exploited by Pope and Swift.

54. SONG WRITTEN AT SEA, IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR: the old story that this poem was written on the night before the battle of Lowestoft (3 May 1665) is now disproved. The Stationer's Register shows that it was published at the end of December 1664 as a broadside under the title of *The Noble Seaman's Lament*, price 6d. Pepys bought a copy on 2 January, amused his friends by reading it to them, and jestingly ascribed its authority to three distinguished admirals. No copy of the original broadside survives. The earliest extant printed version appeared in a collection published in 1714.

l.25. *Opdam*: Jacob Obdam or Opdam, Dutch admiral, defeated and killed in action, 13 June 1665.

l.28. *Goree*: Island off the West African coast occupied by the Dutch in the early seventeenth century.

l.39. *ombre*: card-game of Spanish origin fashionable at the Restoration Court.

56. A SONG ON BLACK BESS: According to Horace Walpole 'Black Bess' was a certain Mrs Barnes. This poem was probably written in 1668.

l.14. *Paragon Gown*: paragon, according to *OED*, was 'A kind of double camlet, a stuff used for dress and upholstery in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries'.

l.18. *Lord Craven's Drums*: William Craven, Earl of Craven, commandeered the Coldstream Guards in the reign of Charles II.

l.24. *Mr Roper*: Christopher Roper, appointed page of honour to the Queen (Catherine of Braganza) in 1667.

ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678): LIFE

Marvell was the son of a Puritan minister and was educated at Hull Grammar School and Trinity College, Cambridge. After leaving the university he travelled on the continent and in 1650 Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary leader, engaged him as tutor to his daughter. He spent some years at Fairfax's Yorkshire seat, Nun Appleton House, where he wrote many of his best poems. In 1653 Cromwell appointed him tutor to his ward John Dutton and in 1657 he became assistant to Milton as Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth. He was returned as member for Hull in Richard Cromwell's Parliament and

continued to represent that constituency in the Parliaments of Charles II till his death. After the Restoration he went as secretary to an embassy to Russia and the Scandinavian countries and on his return became prominent as one of the leaders of the opposition in Parliament and a pamphleteer against the Court party.

POETRY

Marvell's most notable poetry was written too early to come within the scope of this anthology. After the Restoration a number of vigorous satires on the government of Charles II were circulated anonymously and were ascribed to Marvell when they were printed in the collections called *State Poems* after the Revolution. A good example is the racy street-ballad called *A Dialogue Between Two Horses*, an extract from which is printed on p. 58. According to Anthony à Wood, this poem appeared in November 1675.

58. *From A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO HORSES:*

l.2. false Scottish race: i.e. the Stuarts.
l.3. De Witt: Jan de Witt (1625-1672), Dutch republican leader.
l.12. Father Patrick's Disciple: James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. He was converted to Catholicism in 1672. Father Patrick was a Catholic priest who appears to have been often at Court at this time.
*l.18. Sir Joseph: Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State and Editor of the *London Gazette*.*
l.20. perfum'd predecessor: Henry Bennett, Earl of Arlington, who resigned his secretaryship to Sir Joseph in 1674. As a Catholic and member of the Court party he was obnoxious to Marvell and the opposition.
l.21. Secretary, honest and wise: Henry Coventry, Secretary of State till 1679.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

For general notes on Rochester's life and poetry, see p. 109.

59. *From THE HISTORY OF INSIPIDS:* these are some of the opening stanzas of a poem in which Rochester uses the racy style and lilting metre of the popular street-ballad for a devastating indictment of Charles II and his policy. The poem is dated 1676 in one of the early printed copies, but, from internal evidence, it would appear to have been written about 1674.

*l.3. Quails: See *Exodus*, xvi, 16, *Numbers*, xi, 31.*
l.10. Harry with the Codpiece: Henry VIII.
l.12. Grandsire Harry: Henri IV of France, Charles II's maternal grandfather, famous for his amours.
l.15. liberty to Conscience tender: The reference is to Charles II's Declaration of Indulgence of 1672, granting a limited toleration to Dissenters and Catholics.

ll.37-42. Colonel Thomas Blood tried to kidnap the Duke of Ormonde in St. James's Street in November 1670. Six months later he tried to steal the Crown jewels in the Tower. Charles II not only pardoned him but used him as a confidential agent.

l.45. *keeps in Pay*: this refers to the systematic bribery of the Commons by Danby, Charles II's Lord High Treasurer.

l.47. *cogue*: prevail upon by threats or blandishments.

l.48. *prorogue*: Charles was in the habit of 'proroguing' (i.e. temporarily dismissing) his Parliaments in order to prevent criticism and adverse votes.

l.53. *Sequestration*: Under the Commonwealth the livings of royalist parsons were 'sequestered', i.e. seized and given to Puritan ministers.

l.54. *Dissolution*: Charles was only finally persuaded, after much hesitation, to dissolve the long Cavalier Parliament, elected in 1660, in January 1679.

THOMAS JORDAN (1612?-1685): LIFE

Thomas Jordan was an actor before the Civil War. He was the author of a comedy and numerous pamphlets. After the Restoration he became poet to the Corporation of London and devised a number of entertainments for the annual Lord Mayor Shows.

POETRY

Jordan was a true popular poet like William Elderton and Martin Parker before him and Henry Carey after him. The racy style, vigorous rhythm and hearty downright realism of his poems reflect the lusty, pulsating communal life of the Restoration street and tavern.

61. THE EPICURE: this poem comes from *The Triumphs of London* (1675), one of the entertainments which Jordan devised for the City Fathers. It was reprinted with additional stanzas as a broadside. An abbreviated version under the title 'Coronemus nos Rosis antequam marcescant' appears as No. 335 of *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

l.14. *hogo*: *haut gout*, a piquant taste or relish, also an offensive smell or stink.

.37. *Christian Mounseur*: Louis XVI, 'the Most Christian King', whose armies and aggressive policy were alarming Europe in 1675.

ANONYMOUS

63. A BALLAD CALL'D THE GREEN-GOWN: this lively poem was first printed in an anthology called *An Antidote against Melancholy*, published in 1661. It belongs to a group, the lilting metres of which seem to derive from popular dance tunes. It is a favourable specimen of the numerous excellent

anonymous poems found in the miscellanies. *OED* defines the expression 'to give a woman a green gown' as 'to roll her, in sport, on the grass so that her dress is stained with green; hence euphemistically the loss of virginity'.

1.6. *passes*: the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, who reprinted this poem in the Appendix to his edition of *Westminster Drolleries* (1875), conjectured that this is a mistake for 'pusses'. It may, however, be the plural of 'pass' = 'a lunge or thrust at fencing' or of 'pas' = 'a step in dancing' (*OED*).

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

For general notes on Etherege's life and poetry, see p. 111.

WALTER POPE (1625?–1714): LIFE

Walter Pope was born at Fawsley in Northamptonshire and was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1648 he migrated to Oxford, where he was nominated to a scholarship at Wadham College. He took the B.A. degree in 1649 and the M.A. in 1651. In that year he became a Fellow of the College and later served successively as Bursar, Sub-Warden and Dean of the College. In 1661 he took the degree of M.D. and in the same year was appointed Gresham Professor of Astronomy. He was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society and was elected to the Council of the Society in 1666. He lived for some time in the household of his friend Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, of whom he published an interesting biography in 1697. He resigned from the Gresham professorship in 1687 and spent the rest of his life in retirement in the country near Epsom.

POETRY

Of Walter Pope's numerous publications the two most memorable are his *Life of Seth Ward* and his ballad 'The Wish'. He is a striking example of the close connection between the culture of the learned and that of the common people in the Restoration period. It would, to say the least, be most unlikely that a learned mathematician and astronomer should compose 'pop' songs to-day, but it was accepted as quite natural for such a man to write a ballad that was a popular 'hit' in the late seventeenth century. Such a poem is 'The Wish', an excellent example of the robust vernacular poetry of the time, first published, according to Anthony à Wood, as a broadside in 1684 and reprinted in various popular collections. Like most popular poems, it exists in various versions—Pope himself published the fullest and most authentic text in 1697 under the title 'Dr. Pope's Wish', and this is the version reprinted in the present collection.

65. THE WISH:

1.28. *Observator or Trimmer*: *The Observator* was a journal published by the Tory propagandist Sir Roger L'Estrange in 1681–1687.

'Trimmer' probably refers to the famous pamphlet *The Character of a Trimmer*, by George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, first printed in 1688, but circulated anonymously in manuscript some years earlier.

l.35. *Tho I go without Claret*: Pope's own note on this passage is, 'If that should happen, it would be a shrewd affliction to the Poet'.

SATIRES AND LAMPOONS

SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-1680): LIFE

Samuel Butler, the son of a small farmer, was educated at Worcester Grammar School. He acted as secretary to several country gentlemen including possibly Sir Samuel Luke, a Puritan leader and the alleged model for Hudibras. Later he entered the service of the Countess of Kent and was helped by the great scholar John Selden. After the Restoration he became secretary to the Earl of Carbery, who made him Steward of Ludlow Castle. The publication of *Hudibras* (Part I, 1663, Part II, 1664, Part III, 1678) brought him immediate fame but little financial gain. Charles II, who greatly enjoyed the poem, is said to have made him a grant of £300, which was at once swallowed up by his creditors. In the latter part of his life he belonged to the circle of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham and probably helped him in the composition of *The Rehearsal*, the highly successful skit on the 'heroic' plays.

POETRY

Butler's huge, rambling, unfinished poem *Hudibras* is one of the most powerful and original works of the period. Its quality has been obscured by the futile use of the labels 'burlesque' and 'satire on the Puritans'. Burlesque or the deliberate deflationary use of 'low' images is certainly a favourite device of Butler; a well known example is his comparison of the dawn to a boiled lobster. However, this is only one of Butler's satiric methods and his poem is a work of a quite different order from Cotton's *Scarronides*. Similarly it is far more than a mere satire on the Puritans. Hazlitt went to the root of the matter when he observed that Butler 'in general ridicules not persons but things, not a party but their principles, which may belong, as time and occasion may serve, to one set of solemn pretenders or other'. The real objects of his satire are pretentiousness, cant and hypocrisy. The general scheme of the poem is borrowed from *Don Quixote*. Hudibras (the name is borrowed from Spenser) is an absurd Presbyterian Knight who goes out in search of adventures like the hero of Cervantes, accompanied by his servant the Independent Ralph. Butler, however, has neither Cervantes's gift of

compassion nor his narrative skill, but he has a brilliant command of the resources of the English language, keen, realistic observation, immense and curious learning, an amazing profusion of witty images and an extraordinary virtuosity in the handling of his breathless, tumbling metre and clattering comic rhymes with an occasional unexpected vein of lyrical beauty.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

For general notes on Rochester's life and poetry, see p. 109.

73. *CORINNA*: this portrait of a Restoration prostitute is part of a description of London life sent in an imaginary letter from the town lady, Artemisa, to her friend, Cloe in the country.

l.5. *Nokes*: a ninny or silly fellow.

l.6. *Betty Morris*: John Hayward, in a note on this passage in his edition of Rochester's works, states that this woman was 'a well-known bawd', but quotes no authority.

l.6. *Cokes*: a gull or stupid fellow, possibly related to 'cockney'. There may be an allusion to the gull Bartholomew Cokes in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

75. *From TUNBRIDGE WELLS*: Tunbridge Wells was a fashionable watering place in the Restoration period. Rochester's poem dated in one of the early printed copies, 'June 30 1675', consists of a series of satiric sketches of the motley company to be found in this crowded resort.

76. *EPIGRAM ON CHARLES II*: this is the least ribald of Rochester's numerous satires on Charles. According to Thomas Hearne, a friend of Rochester's tutor Francis Gifford, Rochester improvised these lines 'on occasion of his majesties saying, he would leave every one to his liberty in talking, when himself was in company, and would not take what was said at all amiss'. Charles's good-humoured reply to the epigram was that 'what he observed was easily explained. He was responsible for his words, but his ministers for his actions.'

77. *From A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND, I:*

l.12. *Ignis fatuus*: Will o' the wisp. Rochester probably borrowed this image from Butler's *Hudibras* (see above, p. 71, l.11) but he uses it far more subtly and vividly than Butler. Note that for Butler the *Ignis fatuus* was the pseudo-mysticism of the Puritan fanatics, whereas for Rochester it was Reason, the admired faculty of contemporary philosophy and science.

ll.25-30. These lines were quoted by Goethe and greatly admired by Tennyson.

ll. 7,8. Tennyson's famous phrase 'Nature red in tooth and claw' (*In Memorium*, LVI) was possibly suggested by this passage.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

For general notes on Sackville's life and poetry, see p. 116.

79. SONG:

l.8. *link*: torch. There was no street-lighting in Restoration London, and on dark nights pedestrians had to rely on the services of 'black-guard' boys with 'links'.

80. TO THE SAME:

l.1. *royal Cully*: James II. 'Dorinda' (Katherine Sedley) became his mistress when he was Duke of York. When he became King he bestowed on her the title of Countess of Dorchester and a pension ('the Spoils of royal Cully').

l.8. *Sir David*: Sir David Colyear, Earl of Portmore, Scottish general whom Katherine married in 1699.

80. TO MR. EDWARD HOWARD ON HIS PLAYS: this is the Hon. Edward Howard, son of the Earl of Berkshire and brother-in-law of Dryden. He was the author of a number of mediocre plays and poems and was a favourite butt of the Court Wits.

l.2. *Flecknoe*: Richard Flecknoe, a minor poet and dramatist satirized by Marvell and Dryden.

l.4. *Snow-hill*: a narrow, steep highway between Holborn Bridge and Newgate, a favourite haunt of ballad-mongers in Restoration London.

JOHN OLDHAM (1653-1683): LIFE

John Oldham was the son of a Gloucestershire clergyman. He was educated at Tetbury Grammar School and St Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he took the B.A. degree in 1674. He then went to teach at Whitgift's School, Croydon. He wrote verses there which circulated in manuscript and came to the notice of the Court Wits. Rochester, Sedley and Dorset are said to have been so favourably impressed by them that they visited the young usher at Croydon. Oldham's *Satire address'd to a Friend* shows that he chafed under the 'vile drudgery' of a schoolmaster's life as it was in the reign of Charles II. In 1678 he went as tutor to the son of a judge, Sir Edward Thurland, at his house at Reigate. After his work with the young Thurland was completed, he refused an offer to accompany his pupil on his travels on the continent. He went to London; where, although he was befriended by Dryden, he was unsuccessful in an attempt to earn a living by his pen. The fast life led in the company of the London Wits seems to have impaired his health. Rochester introduced him to the young Earl of Kingston, who took him to live at his house in Nottinghamshire. He died there of smallpox at the age of thirty.

POETRY

Oldham was to the Augustans what Chatterton was to the Romantics and Wilfred Owen to the poets of the nineteen thirties: a kind of prophet and proto-martyr. Dryden mourned his untimely death in a superb elegy and Pope studied his work carefully. Oldham's early poems, such as his *Satyrs upon the Jesuits* (1679) have energy but are violent and melodramatic. His art, however, developed rapidly and benefited by his close study of the Latin satirists and the example of Rochester, whom he greatly admired. In his more mature work, published in a volume that appeared in the year of his death, he achieves a notable vein of satiric realism, a vigorous colloquial diction and a controlled mastery of the couplet. In all his work there is an invigorating spirit of independence, a passionate indignation at social injustice and a fine scorn for servility, snobbery and hypocrisy.

82. *From a SATYR ADDRESS'D TO A FRIEND:*

l.13. *Grammar-Bridewell*: Oldham is equating the typical grammar school to Bridewell, the well known 'house of correction' just outside London.

l.16. *Busby's . . . Doctor Gill*: Dr Busby was the famous headmaster of Westminster School, celebrated for his learning and severity. Dr Gill, headmaster of St Paul's School, is said to have been dismissed for his excessive use of corporal punishment.

l.45. *Sir Crape*: presumably because the chaplain wore a black crape cassock.

l.50. *Voider*: this word seems to have been used to mean both the basket or tray used for carrying off the remains of a meal and the servant who cleared the table.

TRANSLATIONS

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

For general notes on Sedley's life and poetry, see p. 110.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

For general notes on Rochester's life and poetry, see p. 109.

86. *UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL*: A free translation of the eighteenth ode of Anacreon. Rochester's version is an interesting example of the use in lyric poetry of the method of 'imitation' or adaptation of an ancient classical poem to contemporary life. He was a pioneer in this kind of writing both in the satire and the lyric.

l.11. *Mastrick*: Maastricht, an important Dutch fortress taken by the French in

July 1673. An English contingent under the Duke of Monmouth took part in the siege and capture. Rochester may also be making a sly allusion to a mimic Siege of Maastricht which was staged for the amusement of the Court in the summer of 1674.

l.12. *Leaguer*: A military camp. The reference is to a camp formed at Yarmouth as a base for operations against Holland in 1673–1674.

l.15. *Sir Sindrophel*: this is Sidrophel, a comic astrologer in Butler's *Hudibras*.

JOHN OLDHAM

For general notes on Oldham's life and poetry, see p. 123.

88. *From THE LATIN OF CATULLUS*: this is a free version of Catullus, VII, 'Quaeris quot mihi basiationes'.

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON (1633?–1685): LIFE

Born in Ireland, Roscommon was a godson of the great Earl of Strafford, who sent him to be educated in England. When Strafford fell, Roscommon went to France and spent the years of the Civil War studying at the University of Caen. He returned to England at the Restoration and was appointed Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners. He was a friend of Dryden and gained a reputation as a critic. When James II became king, he joined the Roman Catholic Church and went to Rome, where he died, it is said, reciting the last two lines of his own version of the 'Dies Irae'.

POETRY

Roscommon had the reputation of being the most decent of the Restoration Court Wits. As Pope wrote,

Unhappy Dryden! In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted Bays.

His original poetry may be 'unspotted' but it is extremely dull. He was a scholar and something of a prig. However, he had some discernment as a critic and his *Essay on Translated Verse* contains one of the earliest tributes to Milton's blank verse. He was also a competent verse translator, and by far his best achievement in poetry is his dignified and moving version of the great Latin thirteenth-century hymn 'Dies Irae' ascribed to Thomas of Celano.

PHILOSOPHIC AND RELIGIOUS POETRY

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

For general notes on Rochester's life and poetry, see p. 109.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

For general notes on Sedley's life and poetry, see p. 110.

EDMUND WALLER

For general notes on Waller's life and poetry, see p. 107.

THOMAS TRAHERNE (?1637-1674): LIFE

Traherne was the son of a shoemaker at Hereford and was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford. He took the B.A. degree in 1656, the M.A. in 1661 and the B.D. in 1669. He became Rector of Credenhill in Herefordshire and in 1667 went to London as chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord Keeper of the Seals. In the latter part of his life he was minister of the parish of Teddington in Middlesex. During his lifetime he published two learned works: *Roman Forgeries* (1673) and *Christian Ethicks* (1674); the latter included six of his poems. In 1699 appeared anonymously *A Serious and Patheticall Contemplation of the Mercies of God*, edited by a certain Dr Hickes. This book is undoubtedly by Traherne and contains some remarkable poems in free, unrhymed verse. Another anonymous work entitled *Meditations on the Six Days of Creation*, containing six poems almost certainly by Traherne appeared in 1717. Traherne's most memorable work in prose and verse, however, remained in manuscript till the present century. In 1897 manuscripts containing a large number of his unpublished poems and his prose *Centuries of Meditations* were discovered by W. T. Brooke and sold by him to Dr Grosart. On Grosart's death they passed into the hands of Bertram Dobell who published the *Poems* in 1903 and the *Centuries of Meditations* in 1908. The standard modern edition of the *Poems and Centuries* is that of H. M. Margoliouth (2 vols., Oxford, 1958).

POETRY

Traherne is a poet of vision and rapture. His themes are few: the wonder of childhood, the freshness and glory of the world as seen by the 'innocent eye' and his sense of the presence of God and eternity. A comparison with Blake naturally occurs to the modern reader; it reveals both Traherne's strength and his weakness. He shares with Blake the power of transmitting a sense of radiant joy and innocence, but he lacks Blake's touches of earthy realism and his tragic vision. He could have written some of the *Songs of Innocence* but not the *Songs of Experience*. He inherited from the metaphysical poets the habit of writing in long, intricate rhyming stanzas, but he lacks the skill to sustain the quality of these elaborate rhythms with the result that his poems often open magnificently and end rather lamely (cf. the opening and conclusion of 'News', p. 99). Some of his most interesting work is to be found in

the free verse poems in *A Serious and Patheticall Contemplation of the Mercies of God*, a specimen of which is given on p. 99. In these experiments he seems to be reaching out towards a directness of passionate utterance comparable, as several critics have noticed, with that of Walt Whitman.

JOHN NORRIS (1657-1711): LIFE

Born at Collingbourne Westen, Wiltshire, Norris was educated at Winchester and Exeter College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1680 and M.A. in 1684. He became a Fellow of All Souls, and in 1692 was appointed Vicar of Bemerton, near Salisbury, formerly George Herbert's parish. He was the author of twenty-three publications, mostly philosophic and religious works. He was the expounder of a philosophy which owed much to the Cambridge Platonists and even more to the French philosopher, Malebranche, of whose thought Norris was the chief English interpreter. He may be regarded as the last exponent of the old idealistic and Platonic School of English thought in opposition to the new empirical and positivist philosophy of Locke.

POETRY

Norris was a fairly prolific writer of verse as well as of prose. He was, perhaps, the last poet to use the metaphysical style that descended from Donne. Like a belated Augustan in the seventeen nineties or a belated Georgian in the nineteen thirties, Norris is using a poetic idiom which is felt to be faded and outworn. A few of his poems, however, are redeemed by a slight lyrical gift and some touches of visionary enthusiasm.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688): LIFE

Born at Elstow near Bedford, Bunyan was the son of a tinker or 'brasier'; he learnt his father's trade and in his youth lived the normal life of a seventeenth-century village craftsman. He served as a conscript in the Parliamentary army from 1644 till 1647. Soon after his release from the army he married a poor, pious woman and his thoughts turned towards religion. He had a vision while playing a game on the village green and went through a period of profound depression. His spiritual recovery began when he overheard the conversation of some 'godly women' at Bedford; they belonged to the congregation of John Gifford, formerly a royalist major, now pastor of a little Puritan community. Bunyan joined Gifford's community in 1653. He began preaching in 1655 and in 1658 published his first pamphlet, based on one of his sermons. In 1661 he was imprisoned under the 'Clarendon Code' for refusing to give an undertaking to desist from public preaching. He remained in prison, except for a brief break, till 1672 and during this period

wrote his great spiritual autobiography *Grace Abounding*. In 1675 he was imprisoned again for nearly two years, during which he wrote the First Part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, published in 1678, followed by the Second Part in 1684. In the latter part of his life he was one of the most celebrated non-conformist preachers of the period.

POETRY

Like Sir Thomas Browne before him and Ruskin after him, Bunyan was a poet who used the medium of prose in his major works. He wrote a good deal of verse but the greater part of it is little better than doggerel, though the man's integrity and forceful personality shine through even his clumsiest lines. In a few lyrics scattered among his allegories, he achieves a sweetness and imaginative power worthy of the finest passages of his prose.

104. THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION: this song is sung by 'a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep', whom the Pilgrims meet in the Valley of Humiliation in *The Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress*. The comment of Mr Great-heart on the Song is memorable: 'Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this Boy lives a merrier Life, and wears more of the Herb called *Hearts-Ease* in his Bosom, than he that is clad in Silk and Velvet'.

104. THE PILGRIM SONG: this song is sung by Mr. Valiant-for-Truth in *The Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress*.

105. MY LITTLE BIRD: this poem comes from one of Bunyan's last publications, *A Book for Boys and Girls; or Country Rhymes for Children*, 1686. It is followed by a moralizing 'Comparison' in which the child is identified with Christ and the Bird with sinners.

A Book for Boys and Girls is a book of 'Emblems' or pictures in verse designed to convey moral lessons. It is the forerunner of Isaac Watts's immensely popular *Divine Songs for the Use of Children* (1715) and more remotely of William Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* (1789-1794). It is, perhaps, appropriate that this anthology begins with poems by Waller and Cowley which point towards the worldly and sophisticated poetry of Dryden and Pope and ends with a poem that foreshadows the visionary poetry of Blake and Wordsworth.

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